Blessed are the Curious

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Blessed are the Curious

by DBMars

Summary

Happy Spooky Season to all, and welcome to my first ever Kinktober prompt challenge!

These scenes occur in a Season 1 AU and begin not long after Will and Hannibal meet. I used the classic Kinktober prompts (offering three possible kinks per day) and crafted a whole season 1 AU full of sexy adventures for our favorite sweaty dog man and his sharp-cheekboned therapist. Each day is a chapter in the same story leading up to a kink-tastic Halloween party at Beverly's house. Please enjoy and don't forget to clear your search history!

Notes

Note: this story has a sequel! I continued the tale of kinky hijinks in October 2023 and added in a new challenge -- Hannictober! There's something for everybody, I promise.

Chapter 1

October 1st: Mastrubation

Will's alarm pulled him out of his dream. He slapped the button and stared up at the ceiling, breathing hard, soaked in sweat. What in the hell had he been dreaming about? All he could remember were twisted shadows, something shaped like a stag with a rack of antlers and… his therapist?

What the hell was Hannibal Lecter doing in his dreams?

"In my fucking head already," he groaned, trying to breathe deeply.

Fuck, he was hard. More so than the usual morning wood. The more he tried to remember his dream, the more aroused he found himself. No, this was – weird. Not someone he should be thinking about – what the hell was wrong with him?

But his mind grasped the strand of his desire and ran with it, and Will's mental objections unraveled. Pieces of his dream snapped together like a puzzle revealing the images once more. Dr. Hannibal Lecter on his knees in front of Will's chair, in the middle of one of their appointments, gently unbuckling Will's belt and pulling him free, leaning in to slide Will's length into his warm, inviting mouth. Will thought about how it warm his tongue would be, how it would feel to put a hand in his therapist's carefully styled hair and pull it, what it would look like to see that proud, aristocratic mouth wrapped around his cock.

"Shit," he whispered, palming his erection, then sneaking his hand into his shorts. A few quick movements of his hand, and he slid his other beneath his shirt to touch his own nipple, trapping it between two fingers. Imagining that was Hannibal's hand, not his own, climbing up his chest as he swirled his tongue, pressing it into Will's dripping slit.

He came quickly, letting out a deep breath of air he didn't remember holding in. It'd been a long time since he'd touched himself like this, with someone in mind, more than just a physical release. It felt… insanely inappropriate and sort of… hot because of it?

How the hell was he gonna look Hannibal in the eye next time they met?

October 2nd: Rimming

Chapter Summary

Will says he doesn't find Hannibal that interesting. So Hannibal does something interesting. With his tongue.

"I don't find you that interesting," Will said, shoving his breakfast away with a rough swipe of his hand.

Instead of looking hurt, angry, or offended, Hannibal Lecter just… smiled at him. It was a little expression, more amused than anything. It made Will furious, as did the next thing that came out of Dr. Lecter's mouth. "You will."

Will scoffed, getting up from the table. "If you don't mind, I have places to be. Minnesota Shrike, remember?"

With that, he went into the bathroom and shut the door, certain Lecter would see himself out.

But when Will emerged, hair wet from his shower, Lecter was still there, sitting patiently at the table.

"What are you doing?" Will demanded, clutching the towel more tightly around himself.

Hannibal cocked his head to one side. "Something interesting," he answered. Getting up, he crossed the cheap hotel carpet to stand in front of Will. Without warning, he gripped the back of Will's wet hair with one powerful hand and kissed him. Hard. Will tried to pull back but Hannibal didn't let go until Will shoved him back a step.

"What the fuck…?"

Hannibal just smiled again, eyes flicking down to the sudden change in the shape of Will's towel. "I have hyperosmia – a genetic mutation that grants me the ability to discern smells unavailable to the average human. I usually engage with it to test wine bouquets and choose cologne, but it has other, more practical uses. For example, I can easily sense pheromones and arousal in others."

"Oh shit," Will muttered under his breath.

"Part of why you insist on being rude to me has less to do with not liking therapy, and much more to do with how much you'd like to sleep with me." Hannibal stated it so factually it made Will alternate between complete mortification and serious thirst.

“Look, uh, I don’t know – what kind of a-a vibe you picked up, but uhm, that’s… not…” Will’s lie died before it had fully formed on his lips. He watched, transfixed, as Hannibal reached out and pulled the towel away from him, dropping it on the floor. There was no arguing with the visible evidence. “W-wait–”

Hannibal ignored his plea and took him by the arms, just above the elbow, and guided him to sit on the bed. Will obeyed, partially out of complete, destabilizing surprise, and partially because he was pretty sure this was a dream. Hannibal got on his knees at the edge of the bed and placed his hands on Will’s thighs, looking up at him with another damnable little smile.

“Relax, Will,” Hannibal advised, planting a hand on his chest and pressing him to lay on his back. Will let him, his breathing already coming faster in anticipation of–

“Oh my God,” Will gasped when Hannibal’s lips and tongue first greeted his cock. He arched his back against the bed, but Hannibal had a hold on his thighs, anchoring him in place. “Oh fuck that feels– so good, shit–”

Hannibal dropped Will’s cock out of his mouth to say, “Thank you. It thought it might.” He took Will by the ankles and lifted his legs so his feet were flat on the bed, knees bent, his ass right up against the edge of the mattress. Will craned his neck to try and watch what was happening, but Hannibal splayed a hand on his chest and pushed him back down. “I told you to relax.”

“Fuck,” Will whispered hoarsely, gripping his own hair with one hand and the pillow with the other. For a few all-too-brief moments, he was in Hannibal’s mouth again, then out. And now, his therapist’s tongue was headed somewhere else, behind his balls and *oh fuck what the fuck was happening?*

Hannibal still had a hand wrapped around his shaft, but his tongue was circling Will’s entrance, teasing it softly before pressing into it, this incredibly intimate place. The fact they hardly knew each other made Will let out a series of soft, begging moans – this felt so incredibly wrong and just fucking filthy and he loved it, as much as his upstairs brain scolded him.

Hannibal’s face was buried between his legs, eating him out like he was, what, a woman? Was that a fair comparison? Will had eaten some pussy during his college years, but he doubted very much he was as good at it as his therapist apparently was. Didn’t matter that the parts weren’t exactly the same.

He was so aroused it was maddening, almost painful, everything wet and swollen and aching for release.

At last, Hannibal lifted his head from between Will’s legs and casually wiped his chin with his silky pocket square. “Get on your knees.”

Will did as he was told, kneeling on all fours on the hotel bed, again ignoring the rational part of his mind that warned him against turning his back on someone he barely knew who was, apparently, quite fond of doing unpredictable things. He heard Hannibal rustling out of his clothes enough to free his cock and slide it between Will’s thighs, along his spit-wet cleft.

Hannibal leaned in and grasped Will's shaft and started to thrust, moving himself in Will's crevice, and pushing Will through his hand. Will climaxed in under a minute, half-collapsing down on the bed with his arms bent, panting, unable to think or move. Hannibal used him as needed to finish with a soft, contented sound. When he released Will's hip and abdomen, where he'd been holding on, Will melted forward, collapsing into a hard-breathing mess.

He was vaguely aware of Hannibal zipping up, smoothing down his hair, and buttoning his jacket again. "Interesting enough for you?"

"Yeah," Will admitted breathily, turning on his back and running his hands through his hair. "That was, uhm… fucking *incredible* ."

"Better hurry. Jack's waiting." Hannibal bent over the bed and gave him a little kiss, then left like nothing had transpired between them. "Finish your breakfast," he called over his shoulder.

Will had to shower again. He made it cold so he could attempt to think straight. What the hell just happened?!

October 3rd: Sweat

Chapter Summary

> Will is working hard on his boat motor. Hannibal shows up and can't resist Will's sweaty, sweaty body.

“Piece of shit,” Will muttered, struggling with the part he was attempting to swap out of the boat motor. He’d loaded up the boat that morning and driven all the way to the lake for some fishing, only to have the motor refuse to start. He’d been working on it all day. When he’d gotten dressed before leaving the house, it'd been a typical cold November morning. Now the sun was out and the wind blew unseasonably warm. The shed where he worked had heated up to stifling.

He paused to smear sweat from his brow with the sleeve of his brown flannel shirt, the one that had seemed appropriate several hours ago when it was much chillier. Now it was soaked with his sweat, as was his hair and his boxers beneath his jeans.

At last, he had the motor repaired. After giving it a short test run, he hooked it back up to the boat. He was about to put his tools away when one of the double doors to the shed squeaked open. He turned to see Hannibal there, wearing his chestnut colored waistcoat over a crisp white shirt, sleeves rolled up, probably due to the uncommonly warm day. “Will?”

“Dr. Lecter…? Oh shit.” Will dropped his sweaty forehead into his hand for a moment. He checked his watch. “We had an appointment — I lost track of time.”

“I was worried. You weren’t answering your phone.” Dr. Lecter stepped all the way into the boat shed, eyeing the work table where Will’s tools still lay.

His hyperfocus broken, Will was suddenly aware of how hot it was in the shed. He unbuttoned his flannel and stripped it off, tossing it on the table, leaving him in a sweat-soaked gray tee shirt, sodden through in the armpits, neckline, and all down his back. “My phone’s inside on the charger. That was, uh, rude of me. I’m really sorry. And you drove all the way—“

Will stopped talking when he realized Hannibal was getting closer and closer to him, staring him down with a hungry gleam in his eyes. He remembered the look very well from the hotel room a few weeks back. Since then, they’d had a series of sessions like nothing had happened, but it certainly felt like that was about to change.

Sure enough, Hannibal was on him within a fraction of a second, hands grasping Will’s hips. He shoved him back against the table, tools rattling, before grasping him under the thigh with

one arm and lifting him to sit on the work surface. A couple of screwdrivers clattered to the floor.

Hannibal snagged Will's tee shirt at the shoulders and buried his face in Will's chest, inhaling deeply before kissing his sweaty neck, licking the beads of perspiration from his hot, damp skin. "You smell good enough to eat," he growled into Will's throat, inhaling sharply again. "Especially now that you've burned through that atrocious aftershave."

Will thought about protesting Lecter's advances for approximately a fourth of a second. But the memory of the mind-blowing encounter in the hotel room overrode common sense entirely — steamrolled it, pulverizing it to nothing. He snarled his hands in Hannibal's hair and demanded his mouth, pressing his tongue in, shallow, then deeper. They broke apart and Hannibal whipped off the soaked tee shirt to shove his face against Will's bare, sweat-slicked chest, running his tongue up Will's sternum while unfastening his gray jeans.

Will fumbled with Hannibal's belt as the doctor, completely unhinged, it seemed, burning with desire, dragged his tongue along Will's jawline to the place just below his ear, tasting the perspiration there now, then trapping Will's earlobe between his teeth. It was such a departure from Dr. Lecter's usual mild, clinical demeanor that Will was simultaneously afraid of him and so fucking turned on he wasn't sure he was going to live through this, one way or another.

The table was just at the right height. Hannibal pulled out his cock and pressed it against Will's, holding the sensitive undersides together with one hand, his other twined in Will's sweat-slicked hair. He thrust against Will's length, the moisture there creating more friction than slickness; yet it carried the most perfect sensation, coaxing pearls to the heads of their respective erections.

One more deep inhale of Will's sweaty neck and Hannibal lost control, spilling in a great rush over Will's bare stomach. The added warmth and moisture made sure Will wasn't far behind. They paused in the moments after, panting, fresh sweat coming from both of their brows.

Hannibal picked up Will's filthy tee shirt and used it to mop up, then handed it back with a smile. "I'm afraid I'll have to bill you for a missed appointment," he said in a kind but regretful tone. "But I'm glad to see you're all right. You ought to have your phone with you out here."

"Y-yeah, I guess… s-so," Will managed, dragging his forearm across his brow again, watching Hannibal zip his trousers.

"Shall we reschedule for Tuesday?"

Will barked out a disbelieving laugh. "Yeah, sure." He watched Hannibal's ass as he left the shed without another word. "See you then," he called.

October 4th: Sex Toys

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal encourages Will to experiment with his prostate vibrator. Then Jack shows up, and Will doesn't have time to remove it before the meeting.
>
> It has a remote.

Dinner had been excellent. Will had heard that Hannibal was a good cook, but that in no way prepared him for the extravagant meal they'd just shared on what was, Will thought, their first date? Maybe? They hadn't really talked about it. All he knew was that he didn't want the evening to end. "Let me help you with the dishes," he offered, and Hannibal accepted with a smile.

Hannibal took care of the dirtier pots and pans; he asked Will to wash the delicate wine glasses, and place them open-side down in a wire dish drainer next to the sink.

Will complied, but paused when he saw something sitting in the rack already. It was a little black y-shaped thing, though the two protrusions were different sizes. He picked it up for a closer look. It was heavier than he expected, made of some kind of textured rubbery plastic. The ends were bulbed before tapering down into a slender bit that connected them.

"What's this do?" Will asked, holding it up.

A soapy pan slipped out of Hannibal's hands, splashing into the sink. "Is it like a meat thermometer or something?" Will asked.

Hannibal abandoned the washing and dried his hands on a nearby towel. "I apologize. I'd forgotten that it was there. It's been washed."

"Well yeah, I mean, it was in the drying rack…" Will didn't understand why Hannibal was just staring at him. "W-what is it?" Nervous sweat beaded on his brow.

"That," Hannibal said, "is a prostate massager, with an extra attachment for perineal stimulation."

"Prost— oh." Will grimaced, feeling like a snoop, like he'd violated Hannibal's privacy. "Sorry, I, uh… shouldn't have…"

Hannibal smiled, stepping closer, untying his apron. "Do you want to see how it works?"

Will felt a hot flush creep over his body. He was wondering if they were gonna hook up tonight or what. "Uh, sure. I'm… curious."

Hannibal leaned in and tilted Will's chin up for a kiss. "So am I," he said softly.

Hannibal's bedroom was dimly lit, the huge bed carefully made. It was impressively decorated with fine things, but Will felt at home there, like it was where he belonged.

"Foreplay first, I think," Hannibal suggested, setting the toy on the nightstand. Will was more than willing to submit to kissing, nuzzling, increasingly forceful groping and finally being stripped nude, even as Hannibal remained fully dressed except for his suit jacket and vest.

He was a touch nervous about the toy, but not as much as he thought he would be. This was the first time something more than some college hookup's finger was headed into his ass, but Hannibal was treading him so gently, it was easy to trust him. He stretched out on the cool comforter, adjusting himself briefly, then tried not to tense up as Hannibal massaged his entrance with a lubed finger. "Are you ready, Will?"

Will nodded into his folded arms where he was resting his head. He was relaxed but kept his eyes shut, wincing only slightly as the smooth toy slipped easily inside of him, the shorter end pressed up against his perineum. It fit snugly and gave a satisfying feeling of fullness.

"How is it?" Hannibal ran a cool hand down Will's back, lingering over the smooth, firm flesh of his backside.

"Good, actually," he admitted. "So does it vib—" Will's word twisted into a little yelp of surprise when Hannibal turned on the vibration for a few seconds. He sat up on his elbows and turned to see a small gold remote in Hannibal's hand.

"It's wireless," he explained. "And it has a range of about 30 feet."

"That's, uhm… convenient."

"Indeed." Hannibal leaned over to kiss him. Will turned on his back and put his arms around Hannibal's neck. He was just about to unbutton the top of Hannibal's shirt when the vibrator went off again. He gasped, then exhaled slowly, collapsing back on the bed as the toy worked against his prostate from two different sides, internal and external. Pleasure blazed white heat down his every nerve.

"Oh fuck that's amazing," was all he could manage to say, opening his eyes to see Hannibal smirking down at him.

"Did you know, Will, that there are over two thousand pleasure-sensitive nerves around the anus?" Hannibal told him.

"I do now," Will said with a self-deprecating laugh, running a hand across his face.

Just then, Hannibal's phone dinged. "Excuse me, Will — it's Jack." He pulled it from his trouser pocket and checked the screen. "He's here now, and wants to talk to us. Get dressed."

"Shit," Will complained, groping around for his clothes.

He reached down to remove the toy, but Hannibal stopped him. “I’m sure it’ll just be a moment. Come.”

Wil pulled his underwear and pants back on with the toy still in place and threw on his shirt, hustling to catch up with Hannibal who was already headed downstairs.

Jack barged in with a few files and led them into the dining room, spreading papers and photos out where Will and Hannibal had eaten supper. “Good, you’re both here. I have some new information about the bodies we found covered with mushrooms. Take a look at these tests Zeller and Price ran.”

Jack launched into an explanation of the reports, pointing to each page in turn and flipping through a couple of maps. Will leaned over the table to get a closer look when the vibrator roared to life.

He squeezed his mouth shut and tried to keep expression blank. Will shot a panicked glance over at Hannibal, but he was also examining the documents and commenting on them with Jack as if nothing at all out of the ordinary was happening. Maybe, Will thought, he’d hit the button on the remote in his pocket by accident?

Mercifully the vibrator stopped. Will took a few clandestine breaths to try and calm his heart rate and flatten out the bulge in his pants. He managed to tune back into what Jack was saying, something about PH levels in the soil and agronomy classes at the community center. “I can’t help but think there’s a connection. Who teaches a class about cultivating mushrooms at a YMCA in Baltimore?”

“That seems like, uh, a niche interest.” Just as Will finished speaking, the vibrator started again. Apparently the appliance in his ass had multiple levels of vibration, and what had almost brought him to his knees previously was the *low* setting.

“Is someone’s phone going off?” Jack didn’t wait for an answer to his question, turning back to the reports he had spread on the table. “Price managed to isolate…” Will squeezed his eyes shut, balling his hands into fists at his sides, trying not to climax. He focused on breathing, and thought about anything he could that was in no way sexy — baseball, gutting fish, his aunt Louise, mushrooms…

The vibrator stopped again. He opened his eyes and shot a panicked glance Hannibal’s way. One corner of Hannibal’s mouth twitched in a playfully sadistic smirk, though he was looking over Jack's shoulder and not at Will. His hand was in his pocket.

Will tried to plead with him silently through his facial expression, but Hannibal was deliberately not looking at him.

“Well, what do you think of my theory, Will?” Jack was looking directly at him now, holding up one of the crime scene photos.

Will opened his mouth to speak, and the vibrator activated inside of him. This time it was pulsing a heartbeat rhythm right against the sweet spot. Will clamped his lips shut and put his hand over his chin and mouth as if in thought.

“I swear I can hear a phone going off,” Jack said. “Is that you, Will?”

Will dug into his pockets, his cheeks burning, sweat dripping down the divot of his back under his shirt. He pulled out his phone and pretended to examine it. “I gotta take this,” he managed, and dashed around the corner into the kitchen.

Holding onto the countertop for dear life, he lost his thin, gossamer strand of control. The orgasm was a full body meltdown, and he sank to his knees, pressing his forehead into the cabinet in front of him, biting his lip and trying to keep quiet. A low whine came from his throat, working between his closed lips.

“Is Will all right?” he heard Jack ask Hannibal just through the open doorway.

“This use of his imagination is a burden on him,” Hannibal said softly. “I have to say I am worried about his stress level.”

A few seconds later the vibrator stopped again. Will managed to get to his feet just as Hannibal stepped through the door and smiled at him. “Please,” Will whispered, though he wasn’t exactly, 100% sure what he was pleading for.

“Go upstairs to bed.” Hannibal reached out to stroke his cheek and thumb his flushed lower lip. “I’ll get rid of Jack and be up shortly.”

Will nodded desperately and snuck up the back staircase as Hannibal returned to Jack and began to explain that Will had to take a break, as using his empathy was giving him a headache. Breathing a sigh of relief, Will closed the bedroom door behind himself and hurried out of his jeans and now suspiciously wet boxers. He bent over the bed and reached between his legs to remove the vibrator.

His fingers brushed the section over his perineum, then paused. After a moment’s thought, he took the rest of his clothes off and slid onto Hannibal’s bed, reclining on the pillows. He rested, still feeling the fading afterimage of his orgasm followed by a deep, mellow relaxation.

Just then, the vibrator went off *again* . Will gasped, bending at the waist and then collapsing back, palming his cock, the other hand pressed against his forehead and then back through his hair. This had to be the highest setting. If it had a stronger mode than this, he thought it might be fatal.

Almost against his body’s will, he came again, his vision going white. After the twitches left his extremities, he melted into the bed, his brain perfectly blank, his thoughts smooth and vague and meaningless.

The next thing he knew, a naked therapist was climbing onto the bed next to him. “Tell me, Will, what did you think of the experiment?”

“You are in so much trouble,” Will told him, as if he had the energy to make good on his threats.

“How delightful,” Hannibal said, leaning in for a kiss.

October 5th: Gags

Chapter Summary

Hannibal can't get Will to keep his mouth shut. Luckily he brought something just for that very purpose. Oh, and they're boyfriends now.

“I’m going to kill her,” Will growled, taking a step toward where Freddie Lounds was snapping photos of him and Hannibal, along with Alana and Abigail as they walked up the drive to Abigail’s house. The graffiti on the garage that read CANNIBALS made the perfect backdrop for some *Tattlecrime* paparazzi photos. It infuriated Will to no end.

Hannibal put a restraining hand on his arm. “Don’t make things worse, Will.”

“I’m gonna break that fucking camera—“

Hannibal’s grip on his arm tightened, a warning squeeze. “If you behave yourself,” he whispered next to the side of Will’s face, “I have a surprise for you back at the hotel. But you need to earn it.”

Will backed down and they went inside to recreate the crime and see where he’d had shot Garret Jacob Hobbs. Will thought he would be more upset, revisiting a place where he’d killed someone, but all he could think about was Hannibal’s promise. They’d been hooking up as often as possible since the night of the infamous vibrator scandal and even though it was an entirely inappropriate affair, the sex was *so good* Will didn’t care. He barely cared about the FBI, the cases, shooting a guy, any of it. His days revolved around secretly fucking his friend/sort-of therapist. He’d been hoping they’d have a chance to be together on this trip to Minnesota.

Later that evening, when everyone had returned to their respective rooms at the Super 8, Will waited impatiently for Hannibal. He showed up at last. Will opened the door for him just in time to see Alana poke her head out of the room next door. She had the ice bucket under her arm.

“Hannibal,” she said, raising her eyebrows in surprise. “Will…?”

“Good evening, Alana.” Hannibal hefted his briefcase, which of course matched the shiny brown leather of his shoes that coordinated so well with his blue-gray suit. “I brought some files for Will to look over.”

“Well, don’t stay up too late,” she warned. “These walls are thin and I need my beauty rest.”

“We wouldn’t dream of keeping you awake,” Hannibal promised.

“See you in the morning.” They watched her walk away toward the vending area. Will took Hannibal by his tie and dragged him into the room, slamming the door shut and pushing Hannibal against it for a breathless kiss.

Hannibal broke off to say, “As you did not threaten, assault, or kill Freddie Lounds today, you’ve earned your surprise.”

“Yeah, I did.” Will climbed on the bed and started to undress, tossing his clothes wherever, a sharp contrast to his very organized suitcase and drawers at home. Hannibal opened his briefcase and pulled out two sets of black leather cuffs. Will admired them as Hannibal opened the buckles. “Those’ll look nice on you.”

Hannibal laughed, a gentle, polite sound. “Oh no, Will, these are for you.”

“What…?”

“I told you it was a surprise. I didn’t say what kind.” Hannibal picked up one of Will’s wrists and buckled the cuff onto it.

“Wait a second—“

Just then they heard Alana’s door open and close. Hannibal shushed him and picked up his other arm to put the cuff on.

“Hannibal!”

“Will,” was the whispered response, as was a nod toward the shared wall with Alana’s room.

“I’m gonna get you for this,” Will hissed as Hannibal lifted him by the chin, then positioned his legs, knees bent, pausing for a kiss before buckling Will’s wrists to his ankles.

“Promise?” Hannibal breathed before kissing him again. Suddenly he pushed Will on his back and climbed on top of him. “I always keep my promises, Will. Can you say the same?”

Will didn’t get a chance to answer. Hannibal was licking and biting his throat and collarbone, a hand between them on Will’s cock. Will moaned out something that had started out life as a word but was now a handful of unconnected syllables. Hannibal clamped a hand over his mouth. “Ssshh. What will poor Alana think?”

“Who gives a fuck?” Will growled.

In response to his rudeness, Hannibal flipped him onto his knees and shoved his head down against the mattress, ass in the air. Will admitted defeat, and had to also admit he wasn’t terribly disappointed to be wearing the hog-tie restraints instead of putting them on Hannibal (which was, he knew, also a good time.)

Still, he said, “I owe you a reckoning, Dr. Lecter.”

“I look forward to it.” Will couldn’t see what he was doing, but he could hear the clink of a belt buckle and the rustle of clothing. The next thing he knew, Hannibal was pressed into him

from behind, a hand around Will's cock, his own balanced in the cleft between Will's cheeks, pointed up across his back. When Hannibal began thrusting, stimulating himself and pushing Will's length through his hand, Will tried to muffle his sounds against the mattress, but his mouth was at the wrong angle to do much of anything. He bit his lip, but that didn't last long, especially when Hannibal paused to put some lube on his hand, the warming kind that made everything extra sensitive.

"Oh my God–" Will gasped.

Hannibal hushed him again. "Besides," he added, "I've told you to stop invoking such a capricious deity."

But then he just made things worse by cupping Will's balls. "Oh fuck that feels so good–"

Hannibal let go of him entirely and Will felt him climb off the bed. Will rolled on his side, struggling with the restraints. "What the hell are you doing?"

Hannibal, naked now, had opened his briefcase again, and pulled out a ball gag. "Open up, Will."

"What–?"

"I gave you several chances to be quiet," Hannibal said, soft, dangerous. "Open up. Now."

"Are you fu—ughnnn!" Will's exclamation was muffled almost entirely by the rubbery ball gag that Hannibal shoved into his mouth. He tried to continue his sentence, but it came out as unintelligible little sounds as Hannibal took him by the shoulders and shoved him face down on the bed again, a knee in his back. This freed up his hands to buckle the gag two notches below excruciating.

"I'm sorry, Will, but you need to learn to behave yourself." Hannibal knelt behind him again and resumed the position, grinding his cock along the top of Will's crevice, right along his tailbone. Will tugged uselessly on the restraints, more as a formality, because he knew Hannibal liked it, circling his neck to look back, ensuring Hannibal could see him with the red ball stuffed in his mouth.

The tableau ensured that Hannibal climaxed with an only partially-subdued moan of his own, spilling all over Will's bare back.

Hannibal only took a few seconds to himself to recover before squirting some more lube into his hand and fingering Will while stroking his cock. Will orgasmed once, then again, the gag absorbing his litany of curses and taking the Lord's name in vain.

At last, Hannibal let him out of the gag and restraints and they snuggled up in a filthy pile of fluids and lube.

Only in the aftermath did Will realize Alana's TV was blaring, as if she'd turned the volume all the way up. To drown out… other sounds.

“Ah, fuck,” he whispered into Hannibal’s neck with a laugh. “How are we gonna explain this?”

Hannibal propped himself up on his elbow and gazed down at Will with glowing adoration. “Perhaps we don’t explain,” he said. “Perhaps I tell Jack I can no longer be your therapist or your friend. Perhaps we have no more conversations about your mental state in relation to your work.”

“W-what do you mean?” Fear tightened Will’s chest.

“I mean,” Hannibal said, “that we tell everyone that we are in a personal relationship and can no longer work together professionally, as it would constitute a conflict of interest.”

“You want to…” Will furrowed his brow. “What, like…”

“I’m not especially fond of the terms of today’s English,” Hannibal said, tracing Will’s cheekbone with his still-slick fingertips. “I want to date you, Will. I want to be monogamous, and public about it.”

Will was dumbstruck. “You want to be my *boyfriend* ?”

Hannibal’s cheeks reddened slightly and Will could tell from his micro expressions that he was nervous and vulnerable to ask. “Yes. If that is what you want. If not—“

“Yes, fucking— *yes*, of course I want to.”

Hannibal kissed him with an ardor that easily telegraphed his happiness. “We’ll tell Jack tomorrow.”

“And since it’s not gonna be a secret anymore, you can sleep here tonight.” Will sat up and snagged the gag from the door of the bed. “As of I was gonna let you get any sleep.”

October 6th: Panties and Lingerie

Chapter Summary

Hannibal buys Will a set of lingerie for Will's birthday. He admits, it is more of a gift for himself than for Will, but Will loves it.

Being Dr. Hannibal Lecter's boyfriend had many perks. Delicious home-cooked meals several nights a week. Foot rubs. Being chauffeured around in the Bentley. More bottles of expensive cologne and aftershave than he could count that all smelled amazing. And, tonight, a staggeringly large pile of birthday presents.

"This is ridiculous," Will argued as Hannibal made him sit on the sofa in the living room in front of the coffee table that was piled high with wrapped gifts. "We've only been together for a couple of months–"

"The happiest months in recent memory," Hannibal said, handing him a glass of wine before settling at his side.

"You didn't have to."
"I wanted to."

Will opened boxes of fishing fly materials, new tools for fixing the boat, books, a coffee maker, all kinds of thoughtful and useful gifts. The presents showed, first, that Hannibal listened when he talked about his interests and when he complained about his coffee maker being slow; secondly, that he was being spoiled by someone who enjoyed doing so.

At last, one box remained. It was black, and tied with a blood red satin bow. Hannibal's eyes gleamed as Will picked it up and pulled one end of the ribbon. It fell open and he rested the box on his knees to lift the lid.

Will's eyes widened as he lifted out a blade-thin satiny garment. At first he didn't understand what it was. Then he found the straps and hung it from his fingers to view it in its entirety. It was some kind of thin-strapped tank top made of a rich cerulean silk and decorated with matching lace. The more he looked at it, noticing the details — like the bodice-style neckline and tiny silk bow in the center — the more sweat gathered on his brow. This was… lingerie.

Will had very little experience with anything of the sort. In fact, his exposure to it was limited to porn and furtive glances through the windows of Victoria's Secret as a teenage boy. His college girlfriends had all been more of sports-bras-and-Wal-Mart-six-pack-of-cotton-panties gals. But from what he could tell, this garment was tailored for someone with small to no breasts but broad shoulders. Where the straps gathered on the opposite side formed a butterfly design, the wings spread out along the wearer's back. There was a matching pair of

panties, but again, they were oddly shaped, with a kind of cup of fabric in the crotch that seemed bigger than usual before it tapered back into a y-shaped thong also decorated with lace.

“Lovely,” Hannibal commented, reaching out to feel the fabric between two fingers. “It’s sure to bring out your eyes, Will.”

“Wait – this is for…”

Hannibal gave him a bashful little smile. Behind it was the glint of sharp teeth and the slice of hunger. “I have to admit, darling, this gift for your birthday is mostly for me.”

“Uhm…”

“I bought myself a matching set — two in fact, in red and black,” Hannibal told him. “The rest of the ensemble is upstairs in the bedroom. Would you try everything on to make sure I found the right size?”

Will thought about protesting. This was *not* his thing, not in any way, shape, or form. Lingerie looked weird to him on women, and he couldn’t imagine it on himself or even on Hannibal. But, a couple of months ago if you’d asked him if he was into BDSM or sex toys in his ass, he would have blushed and said, “No way.” Hannibal had pushed him out of his comfort zone many times and every time the sex was face-meltingly good.

“Okay,” he said, forcing himself to stand up and tuck the box under his arm. “Just to, uh… see if it fits.”

“Of course,” Hannibal soothed.

Will went up to the bedroom and found a silk robe, made of the same material, spread out on the bed. The edges of the sleeves were lacy, but the rest was made of the same deep blue satiny fabric. Next to the bed were a pair of matching slippers. “You can’t be serious,” Will muttered to himself, looking at them. They were flats, luckily, but the strap that he was supposed to slide his foot under was decorated with matching blue marabou feathers.

He sighed a very dramatic, put-upon sigh and took his clothes off, leaving them folded on the padded bench at the end of the bed. Goodbye jeans and gray tee shirt, adios flannel button-up and dependable light blue boxers. Hello… whatever the hell this stuff was.

He slid the top on, then stepped into the thong, adjusting his bits so they were within the satiny sling of fabric. The thong rested comfortably along his crevice instead of going between, fanning out with lace. He hurriedly yanked on the robe and tied it, then put on the slippers.

Will dared to look at himself in the full length mirror. He expected to feel degraded, humiliated, the way he’d felt when he was being hazed at the police academy back in the day, forced to put on a sexy nurse Halloween costume and walk down the barracks hall with the rest of the new recruits.

Weird. He didn't feel that way at *all* .

The color *was* really pretty against his skin. It did highlight the blue in his eyes over the green. While it was momentarily disconcerting to see his masculine body hair juxtaposed with the feminine lace, he found it… fascinating. The two opposites together were sort of… sexy?

The other thing about these garments was the tactile feel of them on his body. The silk was light and cool. He liked the way the robe tie slipped between his fingers. Will hesitantly untied the robe and let his hand drift over his chest and abdomen, feeling the fabric against his skin on one side and his fingertips on the other. It felt good. Really good.

If touching his torso felt so luxurious, how would it feel to…

Will slid his hand over his cock where it had started filling out against the silk of the underwear. "Oh shit," he breathed inaudibly. The sensation was one of cool smoothness, decadence, of frictionless pleasure. He felt sumptuous, pampered. And… honestly, if he was being real… he *felt* sexy. It took some getting used to, but he was starting to warm up to the image in the mirror. He brushed his hair back from his forehead and visited his nipple with his fingertips for just a moment.

He paused to lift his leg into the cushioned bench and adjust the feathers on the slippers, which were also soft and comfortable, flattering even on his masculine feet.

The next thing he knew, Hannibal was behind him, embracing him from the back, his grip sensual, possessive. "Will," he murmured against Will's neck as he peered at their joined reflection in the mirror. "You're absolutely *stunning* . How do you feel? Does everything fit?"

Will turned in his arms, then took Hannibal's hand and pressed it against his own chest. If the silk felt good when he was touching himself, the sensation was a thousandfold with Hannibal's palm and fingers instead. Will murmured wordless approval, dropping his eyes shut to savor the intimate contact. Hannibal's lips found his as his hands roamed Will's body, caressing every edge and curve through the silk of the robe and lingerie, groping his back to his chest, to ass to shoulder and around again. "So beautiful," he breathed against Will's throat before nuzzling it. "You're driving me mad."

"Then do something about it," Will suggested.

Hannibal lifted and deposited him on the bed, pulling the robe free. More ravenous kissing, then he flipped Will onto his back to admire the lace butterfly and the thong. "Will — I'm overcome," he admitted breathlessly between kisses along Will's spine. "I don't have the words."

"Then shut up," Will reasoned. "Show me instead."

Hannibal complied eagerly, bringing out lube and their old friend, the prostate massager with the remote control. He turned Will on his back again and pushed the thong just enough to the side to insert the toy and draw Will's cock into his mouth, one hand on the remote, the other stroking Will's chest and stomach through the silky fabric.

Will's body burned, fire tracing every nerve as Hannibal worked on him, fellating him and using the vibrator intermittently. As if that wasn't mind-blowing enough, the hand on his chest touching him through the gossamer fabric added another layer to sensation that shook his grip on reality. He wanted to call on God, but remembered what Hannibal had said — no invoking Jehovah during sex. So instead, he panted Hannibal's name, gasped it, sighed it.

He was close on two fronts, but Hannibal stopped, sliding out the toy and dropping Will's cock from his hot, wet mouth. " *Fuck* ," Will growled, frustration creeping into the single raw syllable.

"I want to see all of you at once," Hannibal purred, climbing out of his clothes, eyes never leaving Will's body as he lay on the bed. Hannibal joined him, hands roaming over the expanse of silk again. Will climbed on top and fingered himself a moment, testing the readiness of his entrance. Pushing the panties to the side again, he gently lowered himself onto Hannibal's cock one inch at a time, doing his best to stay relaxed and not rush things, even though he was desperate for both the fullness and the release Hannibal's body promised.

"Will," Hannibal sighed, gazing dreamily up at him as he sat up straight to show off the lingerie. "You ought to see the view from down here. My beautiful boy." His hands caught Will's hips and caressed his silk-clad belly and chest again, reaching around to feel the lace on his ass. "Divine," he panted as Will began to move, tensing his quads to ride up and down Hannibal's length, rolling his pelvis so that it hit him in just the right place.

The finish was perfectly coordinated, their first simultaneous, shared orgasm, earned through the practice of body worship on both sides. God, Will thought, really didn't deserve any of the credit. It was all Hannibal. And himself.

After, they had a shower. Will climbed naked between the sheets. When Hannibal came to join him, Will stopped him before he could fold back the blanket. "Your turn, sweetheart. The red one, please," he requested.

Hannibal beamed down at him, then stepped into his closet to change. "Anything for you, darling."

October 7th: Buttjob

Chapter Summary

> Will wants sex, but Hannibal insists on finishing his work before they fool around. Will takes matters -- and Hannibal's ass -- into his own hands.

“Will, I have a lot of work to catch up with,” Hannibal said into Will’s ear through the phone. “I’ll see you tomorrow night after Mrs. Komeda’s cocktail party.”

“Yeah, well, I was thinking we could, uh, have a little cocktail party of our own,” Will suggested, switching the phone to speaker so he could drive with both hands. “Like… my cock. Getting some tail.”

“What sophisticated humor you have, darling,” Hannibal said dryly.

“Hey, we shot somebody today,” Will tried, pulling out of Quantico. “A psycho mom with psycho kids that kill their parents. I need some of your… *therapy* .”

Hannibal sighed, but Will could tell he was smiling just by the tone of his voice. “You’re becoming very spoiled, Will.”

“Maybe I need to be punished,” Will suggested, narrowly making his exit, adjusting his pants as his cock stiffened hopefully.

“After I’ve finished my work,” Hannibal insisted. “You’ll have to be patient.”

“Fine,” Will agreed. Whatever it took to get permission to stay over, he was willing to agree to. “See you in a little bit.”

“All right. And Will?”

“Yeah?”

“Slow down. I’m through paying your speeding tickets.” Hannibal hung up.

“Fuck,” Will swore, easing back on the gas. The needle had been hovering at 90.

Will used the keypad in the door handle to unlock the house. He missed the ritual of receiving a physical key to his boyfriend’s front door, but this would have to do. Besides, Hannibal had let him program it, and of course he’d chosen 6969.

Hannibal was in the bedroom, wearing a silk pajama set, though this one was more conservative and masculine, a boring black with white piping. He was propped up on his

stomach, reading over an article in some psychology journal, a notebook at his side full of his perfect penmanship. Will tossed off his clothes quickly, halting at his tee-shirt and boxers, and climbed onto his side of the bed. “Hey, handsome,” he said, rubbing up against Hannibal and slinging a leg over his backside.

“Good evening, Will.” Hannibal touched his fingertip to his tongue and flipped a page in the journal.

“Whatcha working on?”
“I’m reading Frederick Chilton’s latest article on dissociative identity disorder,” Hannibal said. “It’s rubbish. I’m going to smash his arguments–.”

“I got something else you can smash.”

“Will,” Hannibal said patiently, still not looking at him, even as Will rubbed his half-hard cock against the side of his leg. “I need to finish this. Then I’ll see to your situation.”

“All right, all right.” Will got up and went over to the chair where he’d flung his battered leather satchel. He opened it and pulled out some reports he needed to finish. Settling back down on the bed, he rested the folders on his thighs and tried to focus.

That lasted all of five minutes. Will couldn’t stand laying next to Hannibal in his silky pajamas, even if they were conservative and boring. Hannibal smelled marvelous, a mix of cologne with the natural pheromones of his warm body, his hair a little messy, falling carelessly over his forehead. Will set his work aside and edged closer. Closer. Closer. He snuggled in against Hannibal again, but got no response. His next attempt was to straddle Hannibal’s hips and start massaging his shoulders.

“Will,” came the warning.

“What? I’m trying to help. You’re, ah, working too hard.” Will chipped away at the tension in Hannibal’s shoulders, pressing his thumbs into the knots by his spine. “C’mon…” he draped his body over Hannibal’s back and nipped at his earlobe. “Chilton’s dumbass article will still be there tomorrow.”

“Be patient.”

“I’ll let you tie me up…” was Will’s attempt at temptation.

“ *Let* me? You’ve been practically begging for it.”

“I’m shameless,” Will admitted.

“You’re a menace,” Hannibal corrected him, making a note in his journal, eyes still on his work.

Will realizes he was getting nowhere. Time to switch tactics. Hannibal ignored him completely as he fished around in the bedside drawer for his preferred lube and wiggled Hannibal’s pajama bottoms half off, exposing the bare expanse of his broad, beautiful ass. Will warmed the lube up between his palms and drenched his fingers with it. He pressed one

into Hannibal's crevice and circled his entrance, massaging the outer ring of muscle, then down along his perineum and back again.

No response. He slicked his fingers again and kept at it. Nothing. All right, he'd use his tongue; the lube was birthday cake flavored anyway. Even with a vigorous eating out, Hannibal was still intent on thumbing though the article and making notes. "You gotta be fucking kidding me," Will muttered, wiping moisture from his stubble.

He was insanely hard, desperate for release, and tired of being ignored. Will yanked off his clothes and settled on the backs of Hannibal's muscular thighs. Parting Hannibal's cheeks, he slipped his cock between them, folding it into the warm, lubricated crease, hands on either side pressing the twin rises together. He couldn't stop the sigh of delicious relief. It wasn't penetration but it was close enough considering Hannibal was being so stubborn.

Will started thrusting himself through, faster, then slowing down, savoring it, squeezing Hannibal's ass, kneading it like bread dough, leaving red finger marks behind. Hannibal simply continued reading and making notes as if he was completely unaware that his cleft was being used in this way.

Suddenly, Hannibal clenched his ass cheeks, trapping Will's cock mid-stroke. The sudden grip caused an immediate loss of control, and Will came with a grateful moan, his emission roping along Hannibal's back, soaking into his pajama top.

Before he could recover from the cascade of pleasure, Will found himself tossed off of Hannibal and trapped beneath him, held in place with those same insanely strong thighs. Hannibal sat on Will's hips, patiently unbuttoning his pajama shirt and flinging it away. "Will Graham," he said, leaning over and pressing his palm down onto Will's throat. "You are insufferable."

"Pot kettle black," Will accused, but he was smiling. Still glowing in the aftereffect of his orgasm.

Hannibal kept one hand on Will's collarbone, pinning him to the bed, and used the other to slide the restraints up from the space between the mattress and the headboard. He fastened them around Will's wrists one after the other, which, as he'd noted before, was more than fine with Will.

"Now you're going to be *used* ," Hannibal told him, lubing up Will's entrance and fingering him open wider. "And we'll see how you like it."

"I'm gonna love it," Will promised.

October 8th: Waxplay

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has Will over for a candlelit dinner. Sexy shenanigans ensue.

It was still a couple of weeks until Christmas, but Hannibal's table was decorated with heaps of poinsettias, pine cones, and evergreen boughs. An intricate six-stick candelabra burned in the center, with red and white candles throwing romantic combinations of shadows and light into every corner of the dining room.

Dinner was fantastic, as usual, but even better was Will's realization – he liked spending *all* kinds of time with Hannibal. Time talking, time eating, doing what he used to consider boring domestic chores like grocery shopping or washing dishes. Simple time where they were just together, Will preparing his lecture notes while Hannibal wrote up his treatment reports for the day's patients. It was weird, because Will had never met anyone like Hannibal Lecter, much less dated them. On the outside, they shouldn't have gotten along at all. Aside from criminal psychology, they didn't have a lot of common interests or hobbies. And yet, things were just… easy. Silences were comfortable. Affection was abiding and real. Spats happened, apologies were made, life was lived.

And if all of that wasn't a blessing, there was the sex. The incredible, surprising, scary, mind-blowing, insanely satisfying sex. It was to the point where Will was able to look at horrifying crime scenes, empathize with both killers and victims, and get through it with the promise of seeing his boyfriend sometime soon. Often, a sexual fantasy about Hannibal was enough to break him out of any horrific loops in his head.

Will tried not to think about it as he finished the last of his roast pork with the pretty red cranberry glaze. He didn't want Hannibal to think fucking was the only reason he was in the relationship, because it wasn't. Sex just happened to be… one of his favorite things about it.

Hannibal had been listening intently to Will talk about his new lecture series on the Chesapeake Ripper, so much so that he had only cleared half his plate by the time Will was finished. "You find that he elevates the victims to art through his tableau?"

"Exactly. It's his way of improving their existence, making it matter. Making art out of the worst raw materials and transforming it into something, uhm… beautiful, I guess. That's how he'd think of it."

"Tell me, Will – how do *you* think of it?"

Will wiped his hands on his napkin and set it on the table. "I can see his design. I can even… appreciate it aesthetically. It *is* objectively beautiful, if you, uh, don't consider that the piece

of art used to be a person."

"Hmm." Hannibal finished his last sip of wine. "An interesting perspective."

"I guess it makes me a freak." Will shrugged. "Everybody at the BSH thinks so. But, ah, that's enough about work, huh?"

"Of course. I'll prepare dessert." Hannibal stood and collected Will's plate, as well as his own. Will cocked his head and looked at Hannibal more closely as he leaned in to pick up the flatware. It was hard to tell in the candlelight, but he thought maybe Hannibal was blushing. There was the slightest sheen of sweat at his hairline, and the little smile on his face was downright adorable. Will figured he must be pretty proud of the meal, and that dessert would be something complicated and labor-intensive, meant to impress. "It will take a few minutes. Why don't you make yourself comfortable in the living room and I'll call you when it's ready?"

"Sure." Will stood up and kissed Hannibal's smooth cheek, then went into the living room to put his feet up and have a whiskey. It'd been a long day. Some douchebag named Abel Gideon had killed a nurse at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, and tried to make it look like the work of the Chesapeake Ripper. As if the Ripper would ever repeat a tableau. No, the CR was an innovator. Gideon was an imitator, and kind of a smug asshole to boot.

"Will," Hannibal called from the dining room.

"Coming," he answered, draining his drink and returning to Hannibal.

To his surprise, there was no dessert on the table. The botanical centerpieces had been put away, and the glowing golden candelabra was now on the sideboard, still lit. Hannibal had removed his suit jacket and waistcoat, and rolled up his shirtsleeves. The end of the long, rectangular table had one holly-green placemat and a red cloth napkin, but no silverware or plate. The chairs had been pushed against the wall.

Will had a feeling there were shenanigans in the works, and he was all in. "I thought you were making pecan pie," he pretended to pout as Hannibal slid off Will's jacket and began unbuttoning his shirt.

"I'm afraid not, Will darling." Hannibal pushed Will's plaid shirt from his shoulders and undid his pants next. "You, in fact, are my dessert."

Will laughed, a delighted little sound as Hannibal lifted him by the hips and made him sit on the placemat. "I hope you saved room."

"I always do." Hannibal pulled his clothes the rest of the way off and set them aside. He guided Will to lie back on the table, then reached beneath it. Apparently he'd connected one of their several pairs of cuff restraints to the middle legs of the table, adjusting them to the slack forced Will's wrists to hang over either edge.

“Okay, I… have to give you points for… inventiveness.” Will rattled the restraints, giving them a test pull. He watched Hannibal go to the other end of the table and lift something that sounded suspiciously like a chain. “Next time we have company over for dinner, this is, uh, all I’m gonna be thinking about.”

“Precisely. The holidays are all about making memories, after all.” Hannibal leaned over and pressed his lips against Will’s from where he stood at the side of the table now. When they broke apart, Hannibal gently wrapped a thick leather collar around Will’s throat and buckled it into place. The chain went along the table top to the opposite end and connected beneath, probably to the restraints. It kept Will from sitting up or trying to get free. If he bent his neck he could sort of see Hannibal at the end of the table near where his legs rested, knees bent, feet on the smooth surface of polished wood. Hannibal pulled up a chair and went about eating his dessert.

Will inhaled sharply, then let out a long, satisfied moan as Hannibal went to work, alternating between rimming him and sucking his cock, hands strong and steady on Will’s thighs. “Mmm,” Hannibal complimented, sliding Will out of his mouth to say, “So sweet.”

He dabbed his lips and chin with the napkin and stood up, standing where Will could see him strip. Nude, he went to the sideboard and brought over the candelabra, setting it on a chair within arm’s reach.

“Need more light?” Will asked breathily as Hannibal warmed up some lube in his palm before applying it to Will’s crevice.

“Not exactly.” Hannibal picked up one of the white candles, the flame reflecting in his eyes.

“What are you— oh fu—“ Will’s curse was swallowed in his sudden hiss as Hannibal held the candle at arms length and dribbled the wax along Will’s stomach. It was a sound more of surprise than pain; the wax was pleasantly warm, hardening against his skin within a few moments. Hannibal did it again, holding the candle with one hand and stroking Will’s cock with the other. Will moaned, loud enough to echo through the cobalt blue dining room, then exhaled slowly when Hannibal took his hand away.

Now, Hannibal held the candle closer to Will’s chest. The wax fell in a stream of pearlescent droplets, making a line from his collarbone down his sternum. He inhaled sharply — coming from a closer heat source, this splatter of wax burned more, molding onto his skin and keeping the heat trapped until it slowly hardened. When Hannibal dropped some on his nipple while simultaneously palming his erection, Will arched his back and moaned again, the braiding of pleasure and pain dovetailing into a landslide of sensation.

“Be still, darling, I’m making a design,” Hannibal said, voice maddeningly even-keeled. Even as the words left his mouth he let wax drip below Will’s navel on the sensitive skin there. Will tugged on the restraints, his voice silenced by the press of the collar on his throat as he instinctively tried to sit up.

“Fuck,” Will panted as Hannibal touched him again, thumbing the slit.

“It’s going to be a bit abstract, I’m afraid. More impressionistic.” Hannibal replaced the white candle and plucked up a red one. Even from a height, this one, maybe because of the color, blazed against Will’s tender skin. Hannibal drew a line from the base of his pectoral down to his hip, letting the wax flow slowly around the curve of Will’s ribs and midsection. Will writhed helplessly during the entire process, both stimulated and averse to the sensations.

Hannibal paused to let out some slack in the restraints and told Will to get on his knees. Will could turn over just enough to rest his forehead on his folded arms, the collar keeping his neck stretched up. Gathering his knees under him, he felt Hannibal take his hips and position his ass in the air.

Streams of hot wax splattered his back, gathering in the divot of his spine as Hannibal used the other hand to finger him now, stroking the internal rise of his prostate. He buried his mouth against his arm, biting his own flesh to distract him from the increasingly painful burning drips that correlated with the ascending pleasure of being fingered like this, a rollercoaster slowly clicking to the top of the hill.

And, just like the carnival ride, Will came with a sudden gravity-defying descent into complete satisfaction. He strained against the cuffs and collar as the tide gripped him by the nerves and didn’t let go.

Hannibal was on the table now as well, repositioning him to make room, on his knees behind where Will knelt more in the center of the table, some of the strain on the collar easing up. Fucking him, Will realized, pressing his cock further and further in with gradual strokes. Even as his thrusts become more forceful, it was nothing compared to the—

Will whined as he felt candle wax along his back again in a thick stripe on the rises of his pelvic bone, balling his hands into fists and pressing his forehead into his folded arms. The sweet pain came again as Hannibal pooled the wax on one side of his ass, then the other. Each time, Will winced and moaned, trying to breathe through the burn until the wax cooled. The third time, when wax hit him just above his crevice, he realized what was happening, even though he couldn’t see it. Hannibal was grunting his approval with each pour — when the wax hit Will’s tender skin, Will was clenching reflexively, clamping down on Hannibal’s cock. One final splatter of wax, dropped, Will thought, from no height at all, and Hannibal came, one hand gripping Will’s hip.

Will collapsed on the table’s smooth surface. It was cool heaven against the tenderized bits of his chest that were still hot from the wax. He heard Hannibal blow out the candle with a gentle puff of breath, then slowly pull out.

“I know I said that was dessert,” Hannibal said as Will slowly turned over. He used the napkin to clean himself off and pull up his trousers. “But I did make the pie you requested. Shall I cut you a slice?”

Will watched him slide his arms back into his shirt. “Sure,” he said with an exhausted laugh, rattling the chain attached to his collar as he moved.

“Don’t get up.” Hannibal left him where he was and went into the kitchen without another word.

October 9th: Costumes

Chapter Summary

> Will digs out his NOLA police uniform and pays Hannibal a visit. For a second, Hanni thinks it's the real cops coming for him. Oh, and Hannibal realizes he loves Will, not just like-likes him.

Hannibal paused, his hands hovering above the keys of the harpsichord. The knock sounded again, echoing through the shadowy hallways of his home.

Someone was at the door.

It was late. Who would be dropping by at this hour?

He lifted his phone from where it rested on top of the instrument. No missed calls, so it likely wasn't Jack Crawford. Jack wasn't speaking to him, anyway – still upset that Hannibal had quit consulting for the FBI entirely to date his pet empath. Speaking of which, it couldn't be his boyfriend, who was out tonight playing wingman for Beverly Katz.

Hannibal closed the instrument's key cover and got to his feet. He slipped off his shoes and moved silently for the front door. His hand snuck into his pocket and felt for the folding knife, ready to whip out the blade at a moment's notice. Closing one dark eye, he squinted through the peephole. All he could see was the shiny outline of some kind of official-looking badge.

The knock came again, a close-fisted pound this time. An "open up or we'll break it down" type of knock.

Hannibal ran a mental inventory of the house. Everything incriminating was locked up tight, no evidence in sight. Unless he'd somehow been very careless, there was no probable cause for a search. His mind went cold and deadly calm, senses on high alert, absorbing and synthesizing every detail in a place of pure mental presence. A predatory ice flowed through his veins. Hannibal turned back the deadbolt and opened the door.

Good. It was only one officer, wearing an entirely dark blue uniform complete with a tie, fixed with a gold clip, and an eight-point hat with a shiny brim that obscured his face before he raised it to lock eyes with Hannibal.

It was Will, a stern look on his face, though his eyes glittered with good humor. "Good evening, I'm looking for a Dr. Hannibal Lecter. Records indicate he, uh, lives at this address."

Hannibal took a moment to appreciate the gift presented. Ordinarily, official-looking uniforms evoked disdain; police were often self-proclaimed "alpha males" attracted to power and hierarchy because of uncountable deep-seated insecurities. It came as a surprise to him how deeply the sight of his lover in this costume of authority affected him. Especially because it was just a little too tight; Will had filled out a bit since his twenties, when he must have worn this particular outfit, patrolling the streets of New Orleans before making detective.

"Won't you come in, Officer…"

"Graham." Will stepped inside and Hannibal shut the door behind him. He could tell Will was desperately trying to stay in character, but was unable to stop the little half-smile from climbing up the side of his stubbled face. Oh, beautiful, clever boy – what a treat. He wondered what he'd done to deserve it.

"May I offer you a drink?" Hannibal turned and led him out of the foyer and into the living room, where a fire danced in the hearth beneath the taxidermied head of an antelope.

"I'm on duty," Will said with a rueful smirk.

"And what brings you here tonight, Officer Graham?" Hannibal watched Will remove his cap. As if that delightful head of chestnut curls would have ever passed as a regulation haircut.

"I, uh, I actually have a warrant," Will said, the coy smile spreading to the other side of his mouth as he stepped closer to Hannibal. "For your arrest."

"How alarming," Hannibal said, voice mild, even-keeled. "Would you mind explaining the charges?"

"Well, there's, ah, a rumor going around that you're the Chesapeake Ripper."

Hannibal felt the sting of fear at the base of his neck. Would Will actually trick himself into Hannibal's house just to *really* arrest him? And why send Will instead of a SWAT team? Jack Crawford was a cruel man, if this is how Hannibal was going down. Even worse, had Will been lying to him this whole time, only pretending to care?

Was he going to have to cut Will's throat, here and now, without ceremony? Without the consolation of getting to eat him?

"But even worse than that," Will continued, putting his hands on his hips in the mimicry of an official's authoritative stance. "You've been charged with multiple counts of being… just – *way* too sexy."

The needle of anxiety in Hannibal's heart dialed back to zero, replaced with a growing desire that attached itself to his more sensitive areas. "I didn't know that was a crime, officer."

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse. It's a danger to the community." Will reached into the pocket of his thick black belt and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. "Now, are you going to

come quietly?"

"I rarely do," Hannibal reminded him.

Will didn't have a service weapon in the holster, but he did have a very real-looking baton that he placed one of his hands on. "Face down on the floor, sir, or I'll have to use force."

Hannibal couldn't stop the smile from flickering across his features, and neither could Will, though Hannibal could see him trying to remain serious. What fun. There was, in fact, something in the gun holster – if he wasn't mistaken, it was a squeeze bottle of Will's personal favorite brand of lubricant. Hannibal took a moment to remove his suit jacket, then prepared to lower himself to the rug next to the harpsichord.

"Slowly," Will warned. "Keep your hands where I can see them."

Hannibal splayed his hands out and knelt before getting face-down on the floor.

"Hands behind your back."

Hannibal obeyed and Will pressed down against him, cuffing him roughly as if he were a real perp ready to be tossed into the back of a police car. Will hauled him up to his knees and stood over him, hands on his hips again. "Hope you have a good lawyer. Caught you red-handed."

"Please, officer, is there anything I can do to get you to let me go with, perhaps, a slap on the wrist?" Was that the term? Will was seriously beautiful from this angle, even if he was only playing at being domineering.

"I don't know. These are, ah, federal crimes… because you were sexy here, and across state lines."

Utterly delightful. Hannibal loved Will when he was like this, taking such joy in their games. So much more adventurous than he was when they first met. He could feel the press of his cock against the inside of his trousers, demanding freedom. Hannibal inched forward on his knees, hands behind his back, and nuzzled his face against Will's crotch, feeling the mirrored hardness there, inhaling his delicious, intimate scent.

"Please," he whispered against the zipper of the uniform trousers.

"We'll see. It'll depend on… how *good* you are at this." Will unbuckled the enormous belt and tossed it on a nearby armchair, then unzipped and pulled out his cock. Hannibal took it in his mouth with a murmur of appreciation, enjoying the way it filled out against his tongue, his wet muscle teasing out the salty bead at the sensitive tip. He wasn't able to use his hands, obviously, and was at Will's mercy when it came to how much and how deep. Will muttered a lovely curse and ran his hand through Hannibal's carefully-styled hair, palming the side of his head, giving it the slightest intermittent tugs. He tossed his head back in pleasure, then bent his neck to make eye contact, clearly enjoying watching his dick disappear down Hannibal's throat.

Just as Hannibal sensed Will was tensing to climax, Will yanked his head back by the hair, pulling his cock free. “All right, you’re, uhm… making a pretty compelling case,” he panted, smoothing his fingers along Hannibal’s cheek and pressing his fingertips beneath his chin. Hannibal smiled up at him, running his tongue over his lower lip. “But these are some *very* serious charges.”

“Not enough?” Hannibal mimed his distress, furrowing his brow. “What else can I do?”

Will hooked an arm under his and hauled Hannibal to his feet, then bent him over the harpsichord, shoving his head down against the lacquered surface. “I oughta bring you in and book you,” he growled, reaching around to open Hannibal’s trousers and pull them down one-handed. “We’ll see if you can change my mind.”

Hannibal couldn’t see what he was doing, but a few moments later, he felt Will’s cock slide between his cheeks and along his perineum for a moment as Will leaned over him. In a few rough movements, he slid the uniform’s boring necktie around Hannibal’s head and cinched it tight. Hannibal instinctively opened his mouth and let Will gag him, tasting the cheap fabric.

He started instinctively when he felt the cold lube squirt at the top of his crevice in a small pool before Will rubbed it down against his entrance, massaging the ring of muscle there. “Let me in, sweetheart,” he advised, “or I’ll add resisting arrest to the warrant.”

Hannibal couldn’t stop a low laugh from escaping between his lips, but he relaxed into Will’s hand, letting his lover press him open and work one finger in. Two. Three, stretching, brushing his pleasure center with maddening gentility. “All right,” Will panted, and Hannibal lost his fingers but gained the head of his cock. “If you can take it all, I’ll let you go.”

“I’ll certainly try,” he attempted to say, but it came out as a series of unintelligible noises through the tie gagging his mouth.

Will gripped him by the hips and started to move, easing his cock inside until it was enveloped. He gave it a moment, caressing Hannibal’s ass and running his hand up the back of his shirt before his thrusts began, thumping their bodies into the harpsichord. The instrument made a pleading, atonal sound with each individual jostling as the strings vibrated in response. Will wrapped a hand around the short length of chain that connected the handcuffs and used it as a handle, his other sneaking around the front and grasping Hannibal’s cock with a lube-slick palm and fingers

Hannibal moaned into the gag and pressed his face into the harpsichord’s smooth surface, panting, sweating, so in love with Will Graham he didn’t know what to do with himself.

So in love…?

How had he dared to think something like that? How could he allow his thoughts to go so awry, even in this intimate and unbridled moment? Hannibal knew from his training that just because one’s brain voiced a thought did not guarantee it was true. But it *felt* true, deeply, terrifyingly true. For once, this wasn’t just an affair, a distraction, a way to seem more human and normal, even to have a way to manipulate the Chesapeake Ripper investigation. If Will could empathize with killers, maybe he would understand…?

When Hannibal considered confessing to Will, stepping out of his person suit, it felt so vulnerable and so potentially wonderful that he climaxed, clenching around Will's dick, guaranteeing his own pleasurable end as well.

Will pulled out, smearing the moisture along the bottom side of Hannibal's cheeks before lifting up his uniform pants and putting his utility belt on again. Hannibal's legs were shaking, even as streams of lube and cum trickled warmth down the insides of his thighs. Will removed the tie from Hannibal's mouth and draped it around his neck again, though he didn't bother cinching it correctly, then unlocked the handcuffs

Hannibal turned and leaned exhaustedly against the harpsichord as Will pressed in to kiss him, stroking his face. "I guess you earned your freedom. Better keep your nose clean, or I'll be knocking on your door again."

Hannibal ran the back of his knuckles down Will's stubble. "That's not much of an incentive to behave myself."

Will chuckled, resting his hand on the handle of the sheathed baton. "Hey, you got like a… white coat, some scrubs, something like that?"

"Both, why?"

"Go clean yourself up and put 'em on," Will suggested, stepping over to the sideboard to pour a whiskey. He was off duty now, apparently. "Let's play doctor next."

October 10th: Forced Fem

Chapter Summary

> Will drags Hannibal to Bass Pro Shop. Hannibal makes him pay later in the night by teaching him to dance. In heels.

"Will. Will. *Will* ."

Wil felt a hand on his shoulder but did not look up from the reel display in front of him. "Hmm?"

"Will, darling, we have been in this store for over three hours."

"Yeah…?" Will picked up a fishing rod attachment and examined it, carefully reading the information on the back of the package. "It's Bass Pro Shop; I told you it would be awhile."

"I wasn't aware that 'awhile' constituted this much of a time commitment."

Will sighed. "Why don't you go over to the Von Maur next door with the other wives?"

"Will." His name and also a warning.

"There's a mall attached to it — you could go to Victoria's Secret." Will put the reel back and selected another, dropping it into the overladen shopping basket. "Go pick yourself out something nice and send me the bill."

"May I make a counter proposal?" Hannibal asked, actively ignoring the strange looks he was getting from the good ol' boys in cargo shorts and American Flag tee shirts. A three-piece suit was not typical Bass Pro Shop attire.

"Sure, yeah." Will was only half listening as they browsed through the hip waders section.

"When we arrive home — assuming we ever escape this place — I will choose our evening's activity."

"Yeah, that works." Will picked up the foot of a wader and inspected the tread.

"It will likely be as unpalatable for you as this outing has been for me."

"Right, yeah." Oh, these were on sale, nice. Will snagged a sales associate. "Do you have these in medium?"

"You look more like a small to me," she said, but went to fetch them.

“I believe I *will* visit the shop next door,” Hannibal said. “Call me when you’ve finished.”

Will went home later to unload all of his purchases, then drove back into Baltimore to see Hannibal, completely unconcerned about whatever the “unpalatable” activity would be.

When he arrived, Hannibal had moved some of the living room furniture, creating a large open space. He was wearing a tuxedo, hair slicked back, smelling amazing as usual.

“I’m intrigued,” Will said, taking off his coat. “Did you finally order that sex swing we’ve been looking at?”

“Be patient. Christmas is coming,” Hannibal advised. “Besides, I doubt you would consider that particular activity unpalatable. No, Will, tonight I teach you to dance. We’ll begin with a simple waltz and see how quickly you learn.”

“Or,” Will suggested hopefully as Hannibal put a record on the old-timey gramophone, “We skip the foreplay and dance, like… horizontally.”

“Come with me.” Hannibal led him upstairs to the bedroom. Will couldn’t believe that his simple suggestion with the stupid joke actually worked, but he wasn’t going to argue.

When they arrived, however, Hannibal rebuffed his advances and said, “First, I want you to take a bath, during which, you will shave your chest, stomach, pubic hair, and legs entirely.”

“What–?”

“Also, your face and neck,” Hannibal said, resting his forefinger on his chin in thought. “I’ll be merciful and let you keep your arm hair – the gloves should cover that, regardless.”

“What gloves?”

Hannibal ignored him. “When you’ve finished, I’ll have your clothing set out for you. You will wear everything, and you will not complain, even for a moment. Then, you will return to me and I will teach you to dance.”

“I’ve never, uhm, shaved my legs before…” Will studied Hannibal’s face, trying to decide if he was being fully serious or not.

“I adore you, darling. I care about your interests and I want to share them with you. But I have seen more tackle boxes today than I needed to see in my entire life,” Hannibal said, stepping forward to cup his face with one hand. He brushed his thumb over Will’s lips. “I’ve learned every type of fishing line there is. I was forced to walk past some of the most foul-smelling men I’ve ever encountered. There were *crying children*, Will, throwing tantrums in the aisles. You tried on eight different pairs of–”

“Okay, okay,” Will relented. “I guess I… deserve whatever’s coming.”

“You do,” Hannibal said through a warm smile. “Don’t be long.”

Will followed Hannibal's directions, shutting himself in the bathroom. He found a brand new razor and a couple of bottles of expensive shaving gel and lotions for aftercare. By the time he was finished, the drain was full of dark curly hair and he was smooth and sweet-smelling all over, which he had to admit felt… kinda nice.

When he came out of the bathroom in his towel, many different garments were waiting for him on the bed. Yes, he appreciated being encouraged to wear lingerie now and then, but this was just completely over the top. Black lace and satin panties, a matching padded push up bra that could potentially give him A cups, black stockings edged with more lace, a garter belt…! And over that whole mess, a silky red women's dress with cut out shoulders and a skirt with a slit up the leg. All this with a matching pair of long silk evening gloves.

Oh, and the final degradation — strappy red high-heeled shoes that looked like torture devices.

"You gotta be fucking kidding me," Will muttered, realizing that no, Hannibal was serious, and this was what he got as a result of today's behavior. It was supposed to feel humiliating and uncomfortable and he wasn't supposed to enjoy it.

He'd been unconcerned with Hannibal's comfort level today and now he was gonna pay with his own. Well, the joke was on Hannibal, because that sort of thing was kind of a turn-on.

Will dutifully put everything on, adjusting the bra straps so it was just right, cupping his pecs instead. The lingerie and the dress were soft and luxurious, and everything fit and felt sensual against his freshly-shaven body. He could handle this with a smile, and then wouldn't Hannibal be surprised to see his punishment wasn't a punishment at all?

Then he put on the heels.

"Fucking hell," he hissed, tottering to his feet. This was a first time experience and he felt ridiculous and unbalanced, like the shoes were going to spill him on the floor any second. How the fuck was he supposed to walk, much less dance?

With a miserable sigh, he headed for the stairs. So much for his goal of upsetting Hannibal's plan.

Hannibal was passing the time by playing the harpsichord, but the sound of Will wobbling in the heels along the hardwood floor alerted him. He stood and visually drank Will in as he approached, fervently resisting the urge to grab onto every piece of furniture he passed to help keep his balance.

"The trappings of the fairer sex always suit you, Will." Hannibal's eyes were shining with appreciation though his smile was devious. He reached out and caressed Will's arm, enjoying the silk of the evening glove that wrapped itself all the way up past his elbow, then ran his fingers over Will's bare cheek and neck. Will couldn't suppress the involuntary shiver and little thrill between his legs where the panties cupped his genitalia in a comforting cradle of satin. It almost offset the pain in his feet. Almost.

Hannibal kissed him tenderly, then went to the gramophone and began the music. He put his hand on the small of Will's back and took his other palm, raising it to shoulder level.

"I'm gonna assume you're leading?" Will asked dryly, even though he could feel his nipples hardening beneath the bra.

"You assume correctly. Now, the basic steps."

The lessons went on for hours, far into the night. Will's feet were pure murder, but he refused to make single peep, sigh, or complaint. The way Hannibal gazed so hungrily at him, his hand on Will's waist and clasped in his gloved hand, the coordinated movements that pressed their bodies together, the way Hannibal dipped him back and kissed his throat in time to the music — it was actually fun. And it felt sexy. He liked being looked at and handled this way.

At last, he could not suppress the little hiss of pain when the strap on one of the shoes caught a raw spot on the back of his heel. Hannibal stopped and stood him upright. "I was wondering how long it would take for you to acknowledge your discomfort," Hannibal said, cocking his head a few degrees to the side. "You lasted a long time."

"I can keep going," Will said, squaring his shoulders and adjusting his bra strap. "Take it from the top?"

"I think we've reached *quid pro quo* , darling." Without another word, Hannibal bent slightly and grasped Will under the thighs, lifting him into his arms with a deep, breathless kiss. "It's late."

"Thank you" Will murmured in sweet relief, resting his head on Hannibal's shoulder as he climbed the stairs and deposited Will on the bed.

"Rest a moment," he advised, sliding onto the edge of the mattress. He lifted Will's feet into his lap and unstrapped the shoes, examining the damage. "Was that your first time in heels?"

"Yeah," Will sighed, letting out a little breath of ecstasy as Hannibal rubbed the arches of his feet and massaged his formerly imprisoned toes, bringing back the circulation.

"Incredible. After the first hour it was like you'd been practicing for years." Hannibal knelt next to him now after hanging up his tuxedo jacket and removing his bow tie. "I understand they were uncomfortable, but words can't express what the shape of the heel did to the silhouette of your legs." He ran his hands up Will's calves, around the curve of his knees, and caressed his thighs after pushing the dress up to reveal the place where the garter belt clipped onto the stockings. "May I?"

Will chuckled. "Sure."

Hannibal unclipped one after the other, and slowly slid the stockings away from Will's baby-smooth legs. As if pulled in by a magnetic force, Hannibal lifted one of Will's legs, bending it at the knee, and kissed it from ankle to thigh, massaging the other with a greedy hand.

Will's breathing had become disorderly in the interim, and he was getting hard, despite how exhausted he was.

"I'd like to see the rest of what's beneath this lovely dress," he requested, fingering the silky hem.

"I think you'll enjoy it," Will encouraged him. Hannibal climbed up next to him and helped him unclasp the button at the back of Will's neck. He lifted the silky sheath free of Will's body, revealing the garter belt, panties, and bra.

"Do you wish I had tits?" Will wondered aloud as Hannibal slung a leg over his outstretched thighs, anchoring him down, hands all over him for a moment.

"I would never change anything about you, Will," he replied. "Do you wish I did?"

"You already do," Will smirked, feeling Hannibal's pecs through his shirt with his still-gloved hands. "And I wouldn't change anything about you. Even that you don't want to spend three-plus hours at Bass Pro Shop."

"And I wouldn't change your love of fishing."

"But it's, y'know… fun to… experiment." Will touched himself through the silky underwear and emitted a little whine. This caused Hannibal to practically rip off his own clothing, tossing it away so he could drape himself over Will's body, kissing him in waves, alternating between deep and shallow. He snuck his hand behind Will's back and opened the bra with a quick flip of his fingers, an expert motion, then eased it away from Will's smooth chest, still scented with the gentle floral moisturizer. He buried his face against the hedonistic expanse of tender skin and inhaled deeply before depositing an array of kisses and licks and little harmless bites.

Will inhaled deeply then let his lungs relax out a wanton moan as Hannibal nuzzled his hard cock through the silky panties before pulling them down with his teeth. "What would you like from me, sweet one?" he asked, caressing the delicate skin just below Will's navel. "Name it, and it's yours."

Will considered, a flush rising to his face as Hannibal brushed his lips along Will's inner thighs. "I feel like, uhm… getting railed, first by that big pink thing you bought, then by you."

"A request I'm more than happy to grant you." Hannibal armed himself with the pink cock-shaped vibrator and Will's lube of choice, then patiently worked on his entrance until he was ready. In went the vibrator, and it only took a minute or so for Will to climax internally. After loosening him up with the toy some more, Hannibal, straining with desire, asked very politely if he could make love to Will now, in any position he would like. Will chose to sit on Hannibal's lap where they could kiss and see one another, and draped his arms, still encased in the long red silk gloves, around his neck.

After, when they lay like spoons, Will asked, "When can we practice dancing again?"

“As soon as your feet can take it,” Hannibal said, snuggling against the back of Will’s shoulder.

October 11th: Orgasm Denial

Chapter Summary

> Will is very rude to Mrs. Komeda, and Hannibal tries to teach him a lesson. Emphasis on "try" because Will likes it.

“And, if that wasn’t petty enough, you should have heard what the choreographer was saying about the sopranos,” Mrs. Komeda went on, just when Will thought her severely long tales of opera gossip were over. Nope. She launched into another story, holding Hannibal’s apparently rapt attention while Will and Mr. Komeda sat awkwardly across from them in armchairs pulled up on the opposite side of the sofa.

“So, uhm…” Will tried, eyeing the older gentleman in the bow tie. “The, uh, Ravens are looking good this season.”

“I’m afraid I don’t do much bird watching,” Mr. Komeda said, emptying another brandy down his gullet.

Will checked his watch, and was obvious about it. They’d sat down for dinner at seven, and it was almost midnight. This nightcap had gone on for two hours now.

“Y’all live in Poplar Hill?”

Mr. Komeda nodded.

Will clucked. “That’s what, like a fifty minute drive?”

“I’m aware.” Mr. Komeda looked helplessly at his wife, who was still engrossed in her story, and then back at Will.

Will was going to have to try another tactic. “Whelp,” he said, loudly enough to be heard over the gossip. “Give us a text so we know you got home safe.”

No good. Will tried a melodramatic yawn; nothing. He straight-up elbowed Mr. Komeda, who slapped his thighs and stood up, hoping his wife would take the hint. She actively ignored him.

Will finished another glass of whiskey, even though if he kept drinking he wasn’t going to be able to get it up later, which was most of the reason why he wanted these people gone. The liquor made him bold. “Daphne,” he said, then repeated her name louder until she stopped talking and looked at him, genuine surprise written on her face. “I want my boyfriend back now, please.”

Mrs. Komeda clutched her pearls and opened her mouth as if she was going to say something, but, mercifully, her husband took her by the hand and eased her to her feet. “Come, mon amor,” he suggested. “Remember, we’re having brunch with the Livingstons tomorrow.”

Will hustled them out the door while Hannibal cleared up and rearranged the seating again. Will met him at the sofa and fell into his arms, using his weight to drop them on the cushions. “I thought they’d never leave,” he murmured into Hannibal’s neck before kissing it, running his tongue over his Adam’s apple, nuzzling into his collar.

“Upstairs,” Hannibal ordered, and Will was more than happy to comply. In the bedroom, Hannibal ignored Will’s desperate gropes and took his time undressing, hanging everything up neatly. Will hurried out of his own clothing, draping it on a chair near the fireplace, and slid onto the bed, palming his cock and eye-fucking Hannibal as he stripped to his dark undergarment.

“Jesus Christ, those people can't take a fucking hint,” Will complained through a smile as Hannibal opened the armoire where they kept their increasingly large and varied collection of sex toys and accouterments. He came up with some lengths of red and black synthetic rope, and approached the bed, twisting them around his hand.

“You’re in for a treat,” Will said with a sly smile. “I know a *lot* of knots. Nautical—“

“Will.” Hannibal snapped the ropes by yanking them between his hands enough to emit a sound that shut Will up immediately. His face was princely but cold, though Will could feel, through his extraneous neurons, the waves of physical desire pouring off of him like dry ice vapors spilling over the edge of a cup. “Arms behind your back.”

Will shivered at the frost in his tone, but it wasn’t all fear – the thrill was an aphrodisiac. Hannibal wasn’t like this often – the last time he’d seen it, come to think of it, was when they were discussing whether or not Abel Gideon was really the Chesapeake Ripper.

He complied, though it made him anxious to turn his back. Hannibal also, apparently, knew a thing or two about knots, because within the space of a minute, his forearms were bound together across his back, wrist to elbow. When finished, he manhandled Will onto his back, arms pressed behind him, and pushed his ankles against his thighs. In a succession of quick twists and knots, Will’s ankles were locked against the backs of his legs. Hannibal rolled him off the bed onto the floor, Will emitting a sharp grunt as his shoulder impacted the carpet. He managed to get to his knees in time to catch Hannibal’s eye as he stared down at Will in icy silence. Will’s breath was hot in his mouth and he could feel himself getting hard. This was gonna be fun. Maybe? It was so hard to read Hannibal’s expression.

“You were rude to our guests,” he said at last, standing before Will and bending just enough to snarl Will’s hair in his hand and yank his head back, forcing Will to make eye contact with him. “Unspeakably rude.”

“They overstayed their welcome,” Will argued, “by, ah, something like three fucking hours.”

“Those are the last words you’re going to say until I give you permission to speak again,” Hannibal informed him in the cool, deadly voice that slithered like something reptilian. “Or I will gag you. I prefer not to. Nod if you understand.”

Will clamped his mouth shut and nodded, squirming a little in the ropes that, while being smooth and soft enough, were really fucking tight.

“The urge to speak won’t occur if your mouth is busy.”

Will nodded his understanding and dutifully opened up for Hannibal’s cock, which he shoved in. It hardened entirely in the warm, wet space, and Will did his best work, trying to make up for his breach of manners. Hannibal wasn’t letting him off easy, pushing in as far as he could despite Will gagging intermittently, his eyes watering. Hannibal eased up only to climax, his face flushed, though the pleasure didn’t distract him from putting his hand under Will’s chin to make sure he swallowed.

Will’s own erection was swollen and dripping already. But Hannibal didn’t touch him, not there anyway. In fact, he made it a point of touching him everywhere else instead, pushing him on his back to lick his thighs, kiss him, fondle his nipples, eat him out, all without touching his cock except to move it aside. Will felt the pressure building, but there was no relief in sight. Hannibal was sucking on his neck when an involuntary “please,” escaped Will’s lips. Hannibal’s hand clamped over his mouth, pressing his cheeks into his teeth so hard it hurt.

“What did I say?”

Will nodded again and tried to convey his apology through his eyes. Hannibal hadn’t said anything about moaning, but he tried to keep it to a minimum.

Hannibal hauled him up by the ropes around his arms and bent him over, pressing his face into the carpet. Will was forced to turn his head to the side and rest his weight on one shoulder, the bindings screaming into the flesh of his arms. Lube on his ass crack, thank God — but Hannibal didn’t finger him or touch anything within his crevice, choosing instead to use the top of Will’s ass to fuck, right along his tailbone. This went on for quite some time, Hannibal slowing down and speeding up as he pleased, completely ignoring Will’s persistent desire that was only becoming more painful, the void in him that ached to be filled. Will put his mouth against the rug and sighed forcefully into it, a begging keen he tried to muffle.

A hot splash across his back as Hannibal climaxed again, then sank back against the side of the bed to recover for a moment. Will tried to position himself so he could rub his cock against his own thigh, but Hannibal stopped him with a warning, stinging slap on the ass. That did not help matters whatso-fucking-ever as Will discovered yet another unexplored kink. He curled into a ball, folded over his bound legs, panting, desperate.

At last, Hannibal knelt in front of him. “You may speak now,” he said, guiding Will to sit back on his heels and face him.

“I’m sorry,” Will blurted. “I won’t do it again, just — *please*… !”

Hannibal gave him a triumphant smile and reached between Will's legs with a semi-lubed hand. A few small touches and Will lost it, spraying all over Hannibal's thigh where he knelt opposite.

Patiently, Hannibal untied him. "Did you learn your lesson?" he inquired, folding Will back into his arms, propped up against the side of the bed.

"Yes," Will panted.

"And what did you learn?"

Will managed to crack a mischievous smile through his heavy breathing. "I learned I want you to spank me next time."

October 12th: Frottage

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal asks Will to move in with him. They both say "I love you" for the first time...! And fool around in the lecture hall to celebrate.

Will was at his desk in the lecture hall, grading papers, when a black stag with raven feathers walked past the classroom door.

His eyes must be playing tricks. It was late, and he'd had to get up extra early this morning to drive all the way to Quantico from Hannibal's house in Baltimore, after staying up late the night before and stopping home to take care of the dogs. He was putting some major miles on the Volvo, and despite what Hannibal had said, he was still getting speeding tickets, mostly from traffic cameras. When cops pulled him over he was sometimes able to weasel out of a fine by flashing his badge, but not every time.

Will rubbed his face, then put his glasses back on and graded another paper. But movement caught his attention; the stag walked past the door again.

"What the fuck?" he whispered, getting to his feet. He moved cautiously up the aisle and poked his head out. Nothing there.

Cool hands on his neck. He could feel the press of each individual finger.

Will startled awake. He was back at his desk, and someone who smelled like Hannibal was behind him, massaging his neck and shoulders. "Huh?" he grunted, rubbing his face and knocking his glasses askew before removing them. A glance at the term paper on the desk revealed a silhouette of his cheek made out of drool.

Hannibal moved into his line of sight and leaned his hips on the desk, reaching out to caress Will's cheek with the back of his fingers before crossing his arms. "You have the indentation of a paperclip on your face," he said with a little smirk. "It's adorable."

"Shit – what time is it?"

"It's after eight."

Will leaned back in his chair with another groan. "Fuuuuuck." He should have been home by now; Max probably peed on the floor already. Poor guy just really couldn't hold it.

"When you weren't answering your phone I thought something like this might have happened."

“Aww, sugar bear,” Will said through a shy little smile, running his hand up Hannibal’s thigh. “You drove all this way just to come and check on me?”

Hannibal’s cheeks pinkened a few shades at Will’s use of his most ridiculous pet name, probably because he was using it for the first time outside of either of their dwellings. As late as it was, there were still some people in the building, passing the doorway once in a while.

“To make sure you weren’t in a ditch somewhere, yes,” Hannibal admitted, “but also to talk to you in person about something important.”

Will’s mind reeled through several panicked possibilities. Was he about to get broken up with? Had he done something wrong? What was the matter?

“I know it’s likely too early in the relationship – ill-advised, perhaps,” Hannibal said, “but I want us to live closer to one another.”

Will’s mouth dropped open before he remembered to shut it. “You w-want t-t-to… move in together?”

“After a fashion,” Hannibal said, holding up a hand. “I understand the relationship is only a few months old and that my small yard would not be adequate for the dogs.”

“That and they would… *destroy* your house,” Will added.

“And I can’t reside with you in Wolf Trap – it’s too far from my office. What I propose is this: I keep my house for dinner parties and other entertaining. You sell yours, and move here.” Hannibal reached into his suit jacket pocket and withdrew a real estate flier. It featured a ranch-style house, nothing fancy, but that apparently sat on a three-acre property. It had very clearly been a farm at some point, and the person selling now had never previously sold out to the housing developments that surrounded them. It was like someone had plopped a farm right into a Baltimore neighborhood that was, if Will was right about the address, only about half an hour from Hannibal’s house, give or take traffic.

Will winced at the price tag. “I, uh, don’t think my place would sell for this much.”

“I believe I can persuade the owner to accept whatever you offer,” Hannibal assured him. “Did you see the fish pond? It’s been stocked.”

“You know the owner?”

Hannibal’s eyes crinkled when he smiled. “I do. And so do you. In the Biblical sense.”

Will’s sleepy brain finally put it together. “You… already bought this place, didn’t you?”

“The real estate market moves quickly and I had to make an offer before someone else did.”

Will scoffed a laugh. “Well, sounds like a done deal, then.”

“Is it?” Hannibal took Will’s hand and kissed it. “I can always put it back on the market. It all depends on what you want. The interior is in desperate need of an update, but I thought we

could work on it together over time."

"And you're keeping your place…?"

"As I said, for entertaining. And to house the harpsichord. I'll get another for the farm." He kissed the knuckles on Will's hand again. "I would spend most of my time at the acreage with you." He paused, glancing away with a shy drop of his gaze before making eye contact again. "If that would please you."

Will let out a disbelieving laugh. "Please me? Are you kidding? I'm… yes. Yes t-to all of it." He pushed his desk chair back clumsily to fall into Hannibal's arms. Literally – one leg was completely asleep from the knee down and his hip flexor on the other side was so tight he couldn't straighten it. "Shit–"

Hannibal caught him easily and Will wound his arms around his neck for a kiss that started out sweet and thankful and ended licentiously. "Listen–" Will managed in between kisses, able to get more words out when Hannibal started nibbling his neck. "When I sell my place, I'll, ah, pay you what I get for it, and then we can do, uh, installments after that?"

"If that is the arrangement you want," Hannibal said, stroking Will's hair back from his forehead. "I can put the paperwork in your name."

In case it doesn't work out , Will thought, then pushed the self-conscious words aside.

"H-hey, uhm…" Fuck. A truly graceless way to start. Fuck. Fuck! *Just say it!* "I love you." Will's admission was rushed but rang throughout the empty lecture hall. "I mean th-that I'm… *in love* with you. And I'm really excited for this."

Hannibal's eyes shone with sudden tears in spite of his wide smile. "I love you, Will."

It should have come to the surprise of no one what their next kiss evolved into: Hannibal lifting Will onto the desk to more effectively grope him, caressing his thighs, shifting his thumbs higher before sneaking his fingers against Will's inseam and touching the rapidly responding anatomy beneath. Will clung to his shoulders and the back of his neck, demanding his mouth's uncompromising attention. Soon, his hands drifted down to Hannibal's belt and started messing blindly with the buckle as they kissed.

"Here?"

"I can't wait," Will growled, reaching into Hannibal's underwear to feel him up, eliciting a little begging noise from his lover's throat.

"In that case." Hannibal chased Will's hands away and unzipped while Will groped his chest through the maddening layers of waistcoat and shirt. He tossed off his jacket as Will freed his own cock, then draped his arms around Hannibal's neck and shoulders, kissing him furiously. Hannibal gathered both of them into his hand, sensitive undersides pressed together, and stroked simultaneously. Will moaned into his mouth, then tossed his head back, curls falling over his forehead as Hannibal buried his face in Will's neck, kissing whatever he could get to with Will's shirt collar in the way.

Hannibal leaned Will back against the desk just enough to be able to grind against him with little movements of his hips, the friction bringing a searing heat to Will's nerves.

"Will," Hannibal whispered against the side of his face as he panted out his breath. The name served as a conjuration for his orgasm and he spent, the emission flowing down his hand, warm and wet against Will's cock. Hannibal moved his hand again, just for a few more moments, and Will shuddered, so close—

"Will?"

Will inhaled sharply, a sharp sting of surprise racing over his nerves. He clutched Hannibal's shoulders for dear life, burying his face in Hannibal's shirt.

"Hello Alana," he heard Hannibal say. He sounded friendly and unconcerned and he was definitely still moving his hand.

Will pressed his mouth into Hannibal's neck to muffle the sound of his unstoppable orgasm.

"Oh my God— I'm- I'm so sorry, I didn't— oh God." Will heard the sharp click of heels as Alana probably fled back down the hall.

"Sorry to interrupt," came another voice, male. "Do either of you need a hand?"

Will lifted his head from Hannibal's shoulder and turned to see Chilton leaning on the door frame to the lecture hall. "Fuck off, Frederick!"

"If you could give us a moment," Hannibal requested politely.

Chilton scoffed a laugh and disappeared down the hallway.

"Asshole," Will muttered even as he smiled. "I bet they go running to Jack."

"What's the worst that could happen?" Hannibal retrieved the tissue box from the edge of Will's desk and helped him clean up. "You're fired from the FBI? I don't think there's anyone else who can do what you do, darling."

"I guess not." They zipped up. Will adjusted Hannibal's collar and picked up his jacket for him, holding it up so he could slide his arms in.

"We better call it a night. I have a lot of packing to do."

Hannibal swept him into his arms and gave him a firm, sweet kiss. "Yes, you do."

October 13: Lucky 13 -- ALL THE KINK PROMPTS for the day

Chapter Summary

Will is at home remodeling the kitchen when Han comes in and gets turned on by his sweaty body. Will in turn is hot for Hannibal's new cologne. They fool around, then head to the opera, where a discussion of having children unlocks some erotic thoughts that turn into an exhibitionist blowjob. Heading home after, they discover their breeding kink. Who says you can't have allllll the cake and eat it too?

When Will heard the Bentley pull into the garage, he glanced at the clock. “Ah, fuck.” He’d lost track of time again. Man, he’d been doing that a lot lately. Well, he was almost 40 – it was probably an age thing.

Aging. It used to scare him, the idea of doddering around as an old man in his house in Wolf Trap, a whole new set of dogs that would outlive him, probably keeling over in a fishing boat and not being found for a few days. So lonesome. No legacy to speak of.

But it felt different now, projecting this far in the future. Since moving into the acreage, as they’d begun to call the 1960s ranch-style house and surrounding former farmland, he’d let himself entertain the idea that maybe he and Hannibal would grow old together in it, despite the fact they hadn’t been together for more than six months. A crazy short amount of time to be living mostly together. Still, it felt… possible. Probable, even. Like fate.

The future was unwritten, perhaps, but at the present moment, he was in the kitchen, installing new cabinets, wearing a white undershirt and ripped jeans, sweaty and dusty and not at all ready to head off to the opera thing that was in like, two hours.

“Shit,” he muttered, looking around for the last tool he needed to finish hanging the cabinet door. Couldn’t leave it half-on-half-off. He scooped up the screwdriver and worked furiously at the hinge.

Will smelled Hannibal before he saw him, that signature rich, luxurious scent, a mixture of amber and vanilla, with somehow masculine notes of floral, wood, and smoke. All of this married to the aroma of his living body that, despite his perfect, aristocratic appearance, was just as human as everyone else’s. The juxtaposition never failed to drive him insane.

He dropped the tool on the floor with a clatter and turned just as Hannibal swept him into his arms, pushing his ass up against the newly-installed granite countertop before lifting him the extra couple of inches to sit on it. Will managed part of a laugh before it turned into a longing sigh as Hannibal tongued the little hollow of his throat before kissing his mouth.

“I should find it irksome that you haven’t even attempted to get ready for our date,” Hannibal said as an intermission to an act-two kiss. “However I must admit I love the way a day’s work smells on you, Will.”

Will laughed as Hannibal buried his nose in Will’s chest and inhaled. He wrapped his legs around Hannibal’s hips and crossed his ankles to keep him close. “I was just thinking about how good *you* smell. Not like, uh, a day of hanging cabinets, though. Are you wearing the one that’s… the new one, I can’t think of the name…”

“Fragonard’s Valentin, yes,” Hannibal confirmed.

“Woodsy.” Will buried his face in Hannibal’s shoulder and breathed it in just as Hannibal greedily experienced his own more naturally-derived scent. “Fucking love it.”

Hannibal teased his nipple through the thin, cheap fabric of the tank top. “You know, Will, that day in the hotel room when we made love for the first time, and I said I could smell your arousal, I was telling the truth. It wasn’t a manipulation to encourage you to embrace your attraction to me.”

“I know how good your nose is,” Will said, fluffing one hand through Hannibal’s hair so it fell, disheveled, against his chiseled cheek.

“Your desire smells like you but amplified. Salty, like perspiration, of course, but an underlying sweetness. It reminds me of clover honey. In fact…” He lifted up Will’s shirt and pushed it against his neck to breathe in his damp chest. “The sweet notes are stronger than ever these past few days. Have you been more aroused than usual, Will?” He answered his own question by slipping his hand between Will’s legs and grasping him through his jeans.

Will exhaled through a smile. “You tell me.”

Hannibal lifted him suddenly and set him on the unfinished kitchen island, pressing him to lay back. It was far from comfortable with the stove jutting into his spine, not to mention the fact that if somebody flipped a burner switch by accident he was going to be cooked. All of that was unimportant because Hannibal was edging his jeans down just enough to pull out his cock and start sucking it, breathing in deeply as he did, drawing Will’s legs up and over his shoulders.

The sensations were so intense that the world became very bright and then suddenly dimmed before Will climaxed with a pleading sigh, left a shuddering mess on the range, a hand in his sweaty hair.

Hannibal helped him up carefully. “We won’t cook you yet,” he said through a little smirk.

“Why cook me when you can eat me raw whenever you want?” Will panted, hopping down from the counter and accepting Hannibal’s arm as they went down the hall to the bedroom – their bedroom – to clean up for the evening’s event.

“Such a filthy mouth, Will. Dirty words from those pretty lips.”

“You love it,” Will reminded him, tossing his clothes in the hamper.

“I do,” Hannibal admitted, undoing his tie.

It was a good thing Hannibal had given him a little treat before the opera, because being stuffed into a tuxedo didn’t put Will in the best mood under any circumstances. But Hannibal looked so good, smelled so good, Will couldn’t help but enjoy just being in his presence, the elegant way he interacted with people, the adorable moments he showed Will off like a prize, a precious treasure, even though he had to know that Mrs. Komeda and all of her friends were whispering questions and talking shit behind his back like *why him? He’s so twitchy! He has no breeding, no manners, Hannibal could do so much better!*

Will felt confident when he was with Hannibal. He felt powerful. There was no reason to care that these fancy people could smell white trash on him a mile away. Hannibal’s opinion was the only one that mattered, and he could sense the waves of pride and pleasure and happiness coming from him the same way he could get into the mind of a murderer, through the ambient empathy pulse in his head.

Even though the opera itself was, in Will’s opinion, long, confusing, and boring, he enjoyed it because Hannibal did. All Will had to do, as he sat next to Hannibal in the private theater box, was to hold his lover’s hand and keep his mind open to the sensations and feelings that Hannibal was emoting. He felt the enjoyment of the music, the sadness at the tragic story being presented on stage, and the warm sensation of being in love.

At last, it was intermission. They remained in their seats and watched people in the audience below get up and mingle or head out to the lobby. Will thought Hannibal would want to do the same, but he remained in his chair. “Look there.” He nodded towards a family returning from the lobby and taking their seats. The elegantly dressed parents had a little girl sitting between them, probably seven or eight, wearing a tiny evening gown of her own, embroidered silver with a large taffeta skirt, carrying a wee matching purse.

“Damn. Well-behaved kid,” Will noted, thinking about how he, a 39 year old man, had had trouble paying attention and not fidgeting from time to time. They watched the mother and father fawn over the little girl, reading to her from the program. The child was comfortable enough to greet and talk to adults that stopped by to speak with her parents. “If you had a daughter, she’d be just like that I bet.”

“Hmm.” Hannibal lifted Will’s hand to his lips and kissed it, running his fingertips absently over the exposed flesh of his wrist. “Do you ever think about children, Will?”

The question caught him off-guard, though it shouldn’t have. “Yes,” he admitted. “I mean, probably since we’re… uh, living together. The other day when you were playing with Buster while I was out back cleaning the gutters, it was like… I dunno. Domestic-feeling.”

“It was,” Hannibal agreed. “As a younger man, did you want a family?”

“Yes and no,” Will admitted, using his free hand to brush his hair behind his ear. “I liked the idea of always having someone you were connected with. Your kid would always be your kid. A baby sort of… has to love you, doesn’t it? But, uhm… that can be a bad thing, too. I

had to love my mom, but when she left, that… messed me up pretty bad. Then Dad and I moved around so much I never really learned how to form attachments, so… better not to breed."

"It was one of my greatest joys, caring for Mischa," Hannibal said, dropping his gaze, a shadow of sadness sliding over his features. "And when she died, I felt that missing piece, similar, I expect, to the hole in your heart left by your mother. Life seems too fragile for children. I feel I would spend every waking moment worrying, sheltering them until they withered instead of thrived." He paused, glancing Will's direction, raising his knuckles to kiss them again. "You would be a good father, Will."

"So would you."

"Perhaps if we'd met earlier in life," Hannibal mused as the seats below them began to fill back up. "But perhaps not, considering our collective traumas. Also, I am less than willing to share you, darling."

Will laughed softly. "Same. I mean, can you imagine the Bentley in the carpool lane at school? Soccer games and-and scouts and parent-teacher conferences?"

"Still, it is an enticing thought."

Will nodded with a sigh. Despite his attempt to make parenting sound mundane and joyless, all of those things he'd mentioned were actually things he wouldn't mind doing. "I know."

"Perhaps there is another universe, a branch of this timeline where we are parents. Where I planted my seed in you." Hannibal's mouth quirked a smile, and Will mirrored the expression, happy to be moving away from darker topics.

"Planted your seed… what, like an alternate reality where you got me *pregnant* ?"

"Yes," Hannibal said it so simply.

"Am I a woman in this alternate reality?"

Hannibal pursed his lips, shrugged. "Perhaps. The possibilities of alternate realities are infinite. In this version of the world, you might be transgender, or men are equipped with the necessary anatomy to carry children. Like a seahorse."

Will scooted his chair even closer to Hannibal's, so that the legs were touching, and put his head on Hannibal's shoulder. The orchestra was warming up again. "By that same logic," he said, "I could have gotten *you* pregnant."

"I don't have the temperament," Hannibal admitted, shifting to put his arm around Will, pressing a kiss into his curls. "You'd be much better at it. You're a nurturer, Will. You'd gladly go through it all to care for our baby."
"I would, huh?"

"You would. The morning sickness and the swelling. I would adore your changing body while you complained you'd never get your figure back." He put his hand, palm flat, against

Will's stomach. Will felt the warmth, even through the tuxedo shirt. He was warm all over, sweetly and almost desperately sad, wishing this silly little fantasy was actually achievable. Him, carrying Hannibal's child. Their child, born, maybe, with Hannibal's straight hair, blonde in youth and then darkening over time, and with Will's eyes. Or a little brown-eyed boy, with the Graham family curls.

"Let's go back to the part where you, uhm… what did you say? Plant your seed?"

"You'd be tracking your cycles," Hannibal said, caressing Will's shoulder through his suit jacket. "And testing daily for ovulation. And when the strip appeared on the test, you'd make me stop whatever I was doing, come home, and try to make a baby. We'd have three days of multiple attempts. After, you would lay with your knees up, holding my sperm inside of you as long as possible to increase your chances."

Will sighed and turned his head, pressing his forehead into Hannibal's neck as Hannibal ran a hand up his thigh, letting his fingers creep higher and higher as he spoke. "Bet you'd be pretty exhausted after those three days," he murmured.

"As would you."

"Not gonna, um, just blow your load and be done? Isn't that the most efficient way?"

Hannibal palmed Will's bulge through the fine fabric of the tuxedo trousers. "In the early days of reproductive medicine, it was thought that the receiver's orgasm promoted fertility. I would abide by that advice, even if it was scientifically invalid. Just in case."

"Oh, you would, would you?" Will couldn't stop the little pleasured exhalation of breath that escaped through his lips as Hannibal continued his rubbing.

"A child should be conceived in an act of mutual love and pleasure," Hannibal said, the words whispering across Will's temple. "I would leave you so satisfied you would have difficulty walking."

The lights flickered, signaling the end of intermission. Will tried not to make it obvious through his facial expressions that his boyfriend was dry rubbing him in the opera box, especially since Mrs. Komeda and her husband were on the opposite side of the stage and very obviously watching them, Mrs. Komeda with fucking opera glasses, no less.

When the lights grew dark and everyone's attention moved back to the stage, Hannibal's hand grew bolder. They both did, as a matter of fact. Will couldn't stand the stimulation anymore, and made a little desperate sound in his throat that was swallowed by the swell of music.

When the villain appeared on stage in a spectacular entrance via the stage's trap door, Hannibal took the opportunity of distraction to slide off of his chair and get on his knees, making it look like Will was alone in the opera box. It was up to him now to keep his face arranged and pretend to watch the performance as Hannibal unzipped his pants and drew his erection between his lips, anchoring Will down with two large hands splayed out on either

thigh. As he worked, however, one of his hands settled on Will's abdomen, then crept up his chest, spreading over his sternum.

Will snagged Hannibal's wrist and forced his hand back down, but Hannibal got free and put his hand back where it had been. Anybody looking their way now would have to know what was going on, if not by Will's hooded eyes and panting mouth, by the hand groping his chest and neck from below. The exhibitionist thrill gripped every nerve in Will's body and he tried to hold on, to savor it, but Hannibal was just too good at reading his body, an apt student – no, an adjunct professor – no, a department head – of sucking cock. Heh, department *head* .

It happened at a very inopportune time, just as the final note of a song rang out, then ended. In the tiny silence between that final note's end and the roaring applause, Will climaxed, and he wasn't quiet about it.

As Will came back to himself, he caught heads turning, Mrs. Komeda's opera glasses flying up to her face. Will went limp and slid off the chair onto the floor next to Hannibal with a thump. "Oh fuck – oh *shit*," he panted, half panicked, half laughing. "We're in trouble, sugar bear."

"You have such perfect musical timing, my love."

Will managed to put his dick away just in time for an usher to push aside the curtain, finding Will in Hannibal's arms on the ground. "Sir, is everything all right…?"

"My companion had a mild seizure," Hannibal said. Will bit his lip to keep from giggling as Hannibal helped him to his feet. Murmurs from the crowd below that could be heard over the music.

"Oh my God – let me get help," the poor little usher pulled out her phone and started dialing.

"No, no, no," Will protested as Hannibal drew him out into the hall from the opera box.

"But–"

Hannibal put his hand over the girl's phone. "I said it was mild. And I'm his doctor."

Will couldn't stifle his laugh and had to put a hand over his mouth, stumbling a little back against the hallway wall.

Hannibal slid an arm around his back and took his other hand. "Thank you so much for your concern and quick response… Bryxxleigh," Hannibal said, furrowing his brow as he read her name tag. "I'll take him home."

Will couldn't stop himself, dropping his head back and laughing again like an idiot. "Yeah you will."

Hannibal hustled him outside and through the parking garage to the Bentley where they managed to get in and shut the doors before Will really let loose, Hannibal chuckling at him as he lost it, wiping tears of laughter from his cheeks. At last, he managed, "That was… uh… *wow* ."

“I couldn’t have said it better myself,” Hannibal complimented as he eased the car into traffic.

“Oh, yeah you could’ve,” Will shot back through a grin. “But I take it the sentiment would be the same.”

“It would.”

Within a half-hour, they were back at the acreage, the dogs let out, tuxedos hung up. Will was exhausted, tucked up in their bed already. The bedroom was a work in progress that was on the renovation list; for now, the only improvement was the king-size bed. Until Will finished the kitchen, Hannibal would have to suffer the '70s wood paneling, faux marble in the bathroom, and blue shag carpeting. Hannibal came to bed in his underwear, which he slid off and left on the duvet before getting between the sheets. “Are you ready to try again?” he asked, kissing Will’s neck and stroking back his hair.

“Try what?” Will murmured sleepily.

“Try and get you pregnant, of course.”

Will chuckled, angling his neck up for a kiss. “Yeah, I think we did it wrong earlier for getting either of us knocked up.”

Hannibal rolled back over to his bedside drawer and came up with a small black tube of lube. “I think you’ll like this one. It’s supposed to enhance sensation by increasing oxygen delivery and blood flow.”

“Whatever you say, doctor.” Will lay back on the pillows and let Hannibal strip him down and nuzzle against his inner thighs, depositing intermittent kisses. He lubricated his fingers and patiently stretched Will’s entrance. Will squirmed a bit under the treatment; the new product was making his prostate extra sensitive to the touch.

Hannibal made love to him face to face, sweet and simply intimate missionary, like a god-fearing married couple should.

… married?...

When Hannibal came, Will’s hands resting in his neck and shoulder, he pulled out slowly, then guided Will to lay on his side with his legs curled up, Hannibal’s seed trapped inside. Will let himself float in the sweet domestic fantasy that it was possible that this was the time when a miracle would happen and a life they created together would grow, one day becoming an entirely new human on the face of the earth. Despite the warm emission that still filled him, Hannibal coaxed two fingers in and stroked the sweet spot until he came, just as promised, a conception formed from love and pleasure.

“I love you, Will.”

“I love you too.”

Hannibal kissed him, long and slow. “We might not be able to make life,” he whispered, “but we can make *a* life. Together.”

Will fell asleep with Hannibal’s hand over where his womb would be somewhere else, far away, in another version of reality.

October 14th: Role Reversal

Chapter Summary

Hannibal comes home after a long day at work. He'd love to tie up his boyfriend and have his way. Will derails that plan.

It had been an excruciatingly long day. Hannibal had had a full schedule of patients, ending that evening with Franklyn Froideveaux, who was needy and a crier, and in a codependent, one-sided friendship with a serial killer.

Tobias Budge had been making people into catgut instrument strings for years, but he was in search of more fitting companionship. He'd murdered the symphony's trombonist and left him as a playable instrument for Will and Jack to find, knowing, Hannibal was sure, that Will would discuss the killing during pillow talk, and Franklyn would report the "dark things" his friend had been saying.

The Musical Murderer wanted to meet the Chesapeake Ripper. Somehow, Budge knew who Hannibal was.

There was a time when Hannibal might have entertained the idea. But he was very, very taken at the moment. Being with Will hadn't erased his appetite, but it had curbed it enough that he'd been on his best behavior and killed hardly anybody lately. Well, except that insurance man who'd made such a rude, homophobic comment. That was how Budge had discovered his identity.

Now, Will was in danger, and he had to come up with a solution.

Tomorrow. Tonight, he was exhausted and in desperate need of his lover and his warm bed. Might even entertain a few Buster snuggles.

The acreage was dark when he arrived home, but the garage light was on. Will always made sure it was on when Hannibal was coming home late. He eased the Bentley into its place next to the Volvo and went inside. The dogs were downstairs in the finished basement for the night, and everything was quiet.

Hannibal slipped off his shoes, hung up his coat, and left his briefcase by the door before sneaking into the bedroom. He went to the woefully undersized closet (that was also on the renovation list) and hung up his clothes. Almost ready to slide into bed, he paused and did a double-take. Will wasn't in bed.

A light flipped on behind him. Will was in the small wingback chair next to the window, wrapped up in Hannibal's black robe with the white piping, pretty legs crossed, feet bare.

“Waiting up for me?” This was a nice surprise.

Will nodded, getting to his feet. A nice surprise, perhaps, but he didn’t quite understand the expression on Will’s face. “Get on the bed,” he ordered, voice dead even and very unlike his usual warm if sarcastic cadence.

Hannibal complied readily and smiled when Will took off his underwear for him. “Just what I need after a long day.”

“We’ll see. On your knees.” Hannibal complied as Will pulled some things out from under the chair where he’d been sitting. “Face down.” He drew Hannibal’s arms behind his back and cuffed his wrists, then applied the ankle cuffs with the leg spreader stretched between. The second item was new; he’d bought it to use on Will but they hadn’t even tried it out yet. His blood prickled, thorny in his veins with anticipation as well as a healthy dose of worry. There was something in the atmosphere he wasn’t sure about.

If there was, it hardly mattered now that Will had him bound up and helpless, now securing one of the thicker leather collars around his neck and attaching a chain that draped cold over Hannibal’s bare back.

To his surprise, Will got behind him and massaged his shoulders a bit, working his thumbs into a couple of knots. “You’re tense, sugar.”

“Frustrating patients,” Hannibal explained simply. A sin of omission.

“Right.” A word infused with disbelief. “Sounds like you need to work something out.”

“I’d love your assistance in doing so.”

“Thought you might.” Will leaned over him again, slipping a gag bar between his teeth and buckling it tightly behind his head. Hannibal turned his face to the side and rested on his bent shoulder to watch Will remove the robe and leave it on the chair. He was wearing one of Hannibal’s absolute favorite lingerie sets, all red lace and straps, hugging him scandalously. Hannibal hummed appreciation into the gag and tried to emote it with his expression, though he had no doubt Will understood him. Will always seemed to understand… so many things. Part of those extraneous mirror neurons. Part of being in love.

Will lubed up his hand and caressed the ring of muscle at Hannibal’s entrance, then eased a finger inside, feeling around with delicate little come-hither strokes. Hannibal inhaled a great breath and sighed it out through his nose, feeling the tension begin to loosen in his body, replaced by tension of a different sort.

Will climbed onto the bed behind him and replaced his finger with his tongue after kissing the rise of each buttock in a descending line toward the center. Hannibal felt sweat gather on his brow and bead up, running directly onto the duvet. He trembled and shivered in tandem as Will teased him for what felt like half an hour or more, deliberately ignoring his swollen cock that hung heavily between his spread legs.

Finally, Will slapped his ass with a strong open hand. “Jaw’s getting tired,” he admitted.

Good – that meant, Hannibal thought, that Will was about to breach his entrance with something more than a slender finger, and give him the railing of his life.

That was not what happened. Will went to the armoire and came back with the remote prostate stimulator, applying more lube before inserting it. He tested it, running through the speeds and making sure it was at the right angle – Hannibal guided him with muffled moans to exactly where it needed to be.

Will climbed onto the bed next to where Hannibal was bent over, and stretched himself out, folding a lazy arm behind his head for a pillow, the remote in his other hand. He pressed a button and the vibrator clicked on the lowest setting, then higher, then pulsing. Then nothing. Will was clearly hard, but he wasn't touching himself, not doing anything, really, besides watching Hannibal's face as he put him through several rounds of teasing.

Hannibal had done this to Will a few times times, and greatly enjoyed the control it gave him, a little something to assert his dominance when Will had done so much in his life to disarm him, make him vulnerable, even if it was in the most wonderful ways. Now he fully understood the intimate frustration and it felt unnecessarily cruel, though Will never complained.

"Had enough?" Will asked, drawing a hand along his own collarbone, fingertips glancing off of the lace of the modified brassiere.

Hannibal nodded eagerly - *yes, more than enough.*

Will leaned in and reached behind Hannibal's head, unbuckling the gag and removing it. "You ready to talk?"

Hannibal paused. "Admittedly, I was hoping you were going to inquire after my readiness for something else."

"Uh huh. So, nothing else stressing you out, then?"

"I have a patient that would like to be my friend. It's a bit uncomfortable. I'm going to need to refer him—" Hannibal cut off his words with a grunt of pain as Will took a handful of his hair and pulled it mercilessly.

"That's not it, and you know it."

Hannibal evaded the conversation by taking Will's panties off with his teeth and performing his best fellatio, not that Will ever received anything less. It did temporarily change the subject as Will melted back onto the bed, curling a leg around Hannibal's back in encouragement.

He tensed to climax, but stopped Hannibal by yanking the chain on the collar, his mouth coming away from Will's dick with an audible *pop* as the suction broke away. "And you call me the clever one. Nice distraction, but you're not getting off that easy."

"Neither are you, apparently."

“I can wait,” Will promised. More like threatened. “Can you?”

“That depends. I’m a bit unclear as to what the rules of the game are.”

Will slid behind him on his knees, and pressed his cock between Hannibal’s spread legs, running it along his crevice, the promise of more. “You wanna come? You tell me what’s wrong. What really has you so stressed out. Coming home late, being… mentally absent, distracted.”

Damn him. Damn Will and his extraneous mirror neurons and his empathy and his investigator’s observational skills. And his instinctive knowing that all the coercive techniques in the world, from thumb screws to waterboarding, wouldn’t make him talk — but *this* certainly would.

“I want to tell you, Will, but I can’t.” He was so hard it was absolute torture, passing beyond sexy anticipation or the promise of pleasure. “It would breach doctor-patient confidentiality.”

“That’s never stopped you before.” Will caressed his back and squeezed his cheeks as he gave an aching thrust that hit the back of Hannibal’s balls, making him moan. Will cut off that moan by yanking the chain on the collar.

“Will, darling, I’ve always told you the truth in my own way.” Hannibal coughed as the collar restricted his airway. The lack of oxygen only intensified the need for release.

“I don’t want it in your own way. I don’t want sins of omission or-or glossing it over or w-whatever it is you’ve been doing.” Will pushed his cock into Hannibal’s entrance without further preparation besides a cold squirt of more lubricant. Hannibal made a pathetic little whining noise in his throat and backed up into Will’s cock desperately, rocking his hips until Will tightened the chain again, a warning.

One hand around the chain, slowly choking him, the other snagging the back of the cuffs, Will had pity and gave him a few thrusts, deeper and deeper, brushing the already pleading prostate. “Tell me,” he said, softer now. “Please, Hannibal – *I want to trust you* .”

Hannibal felt tears gathering in his eyes as he gasped for air, struggling against the agony of arousal. “What if you don’t love me anymore?”

“I will,” he promised. “I will, I swear to you. Nothing can stop that. What-whatever it-it is…” He shuddered, seconds from finishing himself. “We can face it together.”

“All right,” Hannibal relented. “Please, Will–”

Will let go of the restraints and leaned over him to wrap a hand around his cock from the front and thrust into him from behind. Hannibal spilled in a few blindingly pleasurable moments, glimpsing the cosmos and the strands of divinity that held the universe together. Half a minute later Will came inside him with a deep moan and collapsed over his back.

In the panting interim, Hannibal’s mind was perfectly, post-coitally clear. He had promised to tell the truth, so he would. No matter the consequences.

Will pulled out and gently unclasped all of the restraints, leaving them scattered on the bed as he pulled Hannibal's limp, sweaty body into his arms, pressing his head against his chest and stroking his hair. "Please," was all he said.

"Will," Hannibal said, pausing for a breath. "I… am… the Chesapeake Ripper."

The ensuing silence was heartbreaking. Then maddening. Then tragic.

And then, Will chuckled. It was soft, a bit disbelieving, but he didn't move to slide out of Hannibal's grasp, didn't scream, didn't grab his phone to call the authorities.

"Will?" Hannibal couldn't look at him, just kept his head against Will's chest, listening to his heart, clinging to him.

"Ah, fuck…" Will said through a smile. "I thought you were having an *affair* . Well, I don't know if it's an affair if, uhm, we're not married but… cheating. Seeing somebody else. Or maybe I'm the side piece, I don't know. We never really discussed those boundaries explicitly."

Hannibal sat up slowly and looked at him. "Will," he said, edged with hurt. "I would never."

"Well you could have fooled me," Will argued, getting up to slip off his lingerie and throw on a tee shirt and shorts. "You really scared me, asshole."

"I'm… sorry for behaving in a way that would make you think I would do something so abhorrent."

"I'm sure you'll find a way to make it up to me." Will slid into bed and pulled up the blankets. "Go shower. Tomorrow morning we can talk some more about the whole Chesapeake Ripper thing. I'm exhausted."

Hannibal felt a kind of savage, unquenchable joy clench every nerve and vein in his heart. He kissed Will ardently, then went to do as he was told. When he came back, Will was already asleep. Hannibal snuggled in and drifted off in perfect peace.

October 15th: Human Furniture AND Role Play

Chapter Summary

Will gives Franklyn a therapy session using Hannibal as a chair.

“Looks like you’re missing a nut,” Will said, examining the bottom of Hannibal’s desk chair while his boyfriend looked on, hips against the desk.

“They were both there this morning,” Hannibal joked, crossing his arms with a smile. “You should have told me earlier. Perhaps you need to check again.” He palmed his dick, his usual cool, mild look on his face the polar opposite of his licentious gesture.

“I will certainly, uh, count them for you when we get home,” Will promised, getting to his feet and replacing the screwdriver in the toolbox. “I think it must have fallen off – the chair’s nut, not yours, luckily. Look under the desk.”

Hannibal obliged, getting on his knees with his phone light on, looking for the missing piece of the chair. Will pretended like he was going to help, then lowered himself down on Hannibal’s back instead, edging up to the desk. “Hmm, that’s, uh, pretty comfy,” he said, resting his elbows and clasping his hands over Hannibal’s open appointment book. “Don’t move – that’s perfect.”

“Will–”

“Stop wiggling.” Will reached down with one hand and took a palm full of Hannibal’s hair, twisting it.

“I certainly don’t see the piece of the chair you were looking for,” Hannibal told him.

“Keep looking,” Will smirked, snagging Hannibal’s iPad from the desk. “I’m just gonna read some *Tattlecrime* .”

“Whatever you wish, my love.”

“Shh,” Will ordered, deeply enjoying this for some reason he wasn’t quite sure of. It was a little… no, kind of a LOT sexy to make the Chesapeake Ripper, the most feared killer on the Eastern Seaboard, kneel down like a bitch and be his chair.

Suddenly, the door opened, and a portly little man with a mop of curly hair burst in, his eyes full of tears. “Dr. Lecter!” He froze, clocking Will behind the desk, but, Will hoped, couldn’t see Hannibal bent over behind it. “Oh… oh! I know you! You’re Special Agent Will Graham!”

“H-hi there — Franklyn, right?”

“That’s right, Franklyn Froideveaux! I know I’m early for my appointment… you worked on my case, didn’t you — T-Tobias’s case, I mean.”

“I did.” Will felt Hannibal squirm under him. He adjusted his ass slightly to move the pressure on his back somewhere else.

“Where’s Dr. Lecter? And why are you here?”

Will swallowed hard, and bit down mentally on his smile. “He’s indisposed at the moment. He had, uh… to go to the chiropractor. Yeah, he tweaked his back. Pinched a nerve.”

Franklyn put his hand over his face and let out a watery, tear-soaked sigh. “I’m sure that’s just an excuse. He’s going to refer me on, I just know it. Right when I need him the most! I’m having such…” He bit the back of his finger, then sighed heavily again. “Such complicated emotions about what happened to Tobias.”

“It’s not an excuse,” Will comforted. The dude was dramatic and annoying, but Will knew what it was like for everyone to see you as a neurotic mess. He knew what it was like to be perceived as damaged. “I was, uhm… there when he hurt himself. We were doing… yard work.”

Franklyn struggled with one of Hannibal’s solid therapy chairs, finally manhandling it until it faced the desk, where he promptly plopped down and made himself comfortable. “It’s true then — you two are an *item* ? I saw the two of you at the opera awhile back…”

Will’s heart raced and he felt his cock twitch at the memory of getting a blowjob during an aria. “Franklyn, you’re not here to talk about me, or-or, uh, my boyfriend,” he said. “You came here because you’re having a hard time with what happened to your friend.”

Franklyn sat back with a furious, deeply-hurt sigh. “I thought he was my friend. My best friend. But he was hiding everything from me. And he was a murderer. Which honestly, I could have forgiven. I would have encouraged him to turn himself in. If the police knew anything about his killings they would have shot first and asked questions later — no offense, but that seems to be a thing with you law enforcement types and Black folks.”

Will was taken aback — for all of Franklyn’s… Franklyn-ness, he was absolutely right. “None taken. That’s a valid concern. You wanted to save his life.”

“I would have still been his friend. I would have visited him in prison and written to him. I know he did horrible things but…” Franklyn shrugged helplessly. “Am I a bad person for not wanting to forget he existed? For… for mourning him?” Franklyn burst into tears, helping himself to the nearby tissue box.

“No, Franklyn, you’re not a bad person,” Will told him. He felt Hannibal shift beneath him, and a hand close around his ankle, sneaking beneath his pant leg to caress his leg in what felt like support, an acknowledgement of the similarities between their situations. “You might not have agreed with Tobias’s actions, but you could still have loved him. Hell, maybe all of

those people deserved it, who knows? I heard the trombone player slept his way into first chair. He really blew, but not in the musical sense. Wrong kinda *bone* ."

Franklyn laughed through his tears. "That's an interesting perspective for an FBI agent to have."

"One thing I've learned on this job is that the world is shades of — of gray, and shadow, and light, and nobody… has a-a *monopoly* on reality. To most people, yeah, Tobias was a monster. But to you, he was a friend. Both of those things can be true at the same time."

Franklyn nodded, drying his tears. "People say he got what he deserved, being murdered himself by the Chesapeake Ripper. I guess that's true but… I wish he was still here. I wish things could go back to how they were before. I… don't have a lot of friends. Actually… now that he's gone, I don't have *any* . All of our mutual friends just… ghosted me. Especially when I wouldn't join in on their little Tobias-bashing group text."

"You're a good friend, Franklyn. Even now that he's gone. I'm… sorry this has been difficult."

Franklyn sniffed, fresh tears forming. "Thank you, Agent Graham."

"You can call me Will, it's fine." Will waved a hand as if chasing "Agent Graham" out of the room. Hannibal's hand tightened on his ankle, perhaps in warning, but what would a chair have to say that would help the situation? "Look, grief is weird. It's different for everyone, and it's going to be l-lonesome, and you're going to feel angry. Then when you think you're over it, it'll beat your ass down and leave you bleeding in the street again. All of that is okay. There's no normal way to do it. I can tell you this – it doesn't get better, but it gets *easier* ."

"I just don't want to spend every night alone," Franklyn sighed. "I keep trying to go out and make new friends. I go to the opera, I took a pottery class last week, even just – going to a bar and talking, it just never works out. Don't even get me started on the online apps. Where am I going to find someone who likes all the things I like?"

"Like what?" Will wiggled his ass again, shifting his weight over Hannibal's hips. He heard an audible sigh of relief and coughed to cover it up.

"Opera. The symphony. Classical music. Theater. Fine dining. Oh, and cheese – I love trying new cheese. Should I take a cheese-making class?"

"I mean, you could," Will shrugged. "Listen, Franklyn – friendships and relationships – it-it *helps* if you have similar interests. But it's not… absolutely essential. Not by any means. I mean, Han and I – we aren't – like the opera? I had a good time because I was with him, not because I like opera. Week before that I took him ice fishing. He'd never say, but I'm willing to bet he… he hated every second of the actual fishing part, and sitting out in the cold for hours, but we did it *together* . He made his own fun with it. He had like four different flavors of hot cocoa with him. We did a hot cocoa flight. Do you see what I'm saying?"

"I guess…" Franklyn shrugged miserably. "But how do I even meet someone whose interests we could mutually tolerate?"

Will scoffed a self-deprecating laugh. “I’m actually not, uh, the expert on being social. I mean, maybe you’re doing the right thing already. Just putting yourself out there.” He paused, bringing his hands to his lips in prayer position for a long moment, caught in indecision before he decided to just go for it. What the hell. He knew what it was like to love a monster, too. “You like D&D?”

“You need a DD?” Franklyn sighed. “Figures. That’s the only way I get invited out anywhere is if people need a ride home.”

“No, D&D. Dungeons and Dragons. It’s a tabletop roleplaying game. Y’know, medieval warriors, high fantasy, you play a character, roll the dice…”

Franklyn wrinkled his broad nose. “Isn’t that for nerds and virgins?”

Will laughed, passing his hand over his face. “Franklyn. Think about what you just said.”

“I’m not a virgin! I mean, not technically…”

Will held up his hands. “Okay, fine. Listen. Tomorrow night. Brian Zeller runs a game every week. Come over and make a character. See what you think. If you hate it, don’t come back. But I think, with your, ah, drama experience, you’ll like it. You get to play a character with, uhm, a personality. You can talk like them, like it’s dialogue in a play.”

Franklyn remained unconvinced. “My mom used to say it was Satanic.”

“Y’know who has friends?” Will asked. Franklyn shook his head. “Satan,” Will finished. Franklyn gasped and Will laughed again. “I’m just messing with you. Look, it’s me, Zeller, Jimmy Price, his brother Eddie, and Maeve – she’s my friend Beverly’s cousin. We need a cleric really bad. Or a druid. We’re low on healing potions.”

“So it’s like a group improv?”

“Collaborative storytelling,” Will suggested. “What do you say?”

Franklyn paused to think it over, and Hannibal emitted a strained groan from beneath him. Franklyn glanced up and Will plastered on a smile. “Sorry, that was my stomach. Skipped lunch.”

“What should I bring?” Franklyn asked through a slowly spreading grin.

“Just you. Oh, and a mechanical pencil with a good eraser. And some beers, if you want.”

Franklyn wrinkled his nose again. “I’m more of a wine drinker. Wait, you said the acting scene takes place in a medieval setting? I know a place that makes wonderful honey mead. The lady who runs the shop also does bee-venom acupuncture. Her royal jelly facials are a godsend.”

“Whatever you want. 7:00. I’ll text you the address. But I, uh, I need to go pick up Hannibal from the chiropractor, so…”

“Right, yes, I’ll just see myself out.” Franklyn stood, his broad face beaming with a barely-contained smile. “Thank you, Will. This is… forgive me for saying so, the best therapy session I’ve ever had.”

“See you tomorrow night.”

“Looking forward to it.” Franklyn left with a spring in his step.

As soon as the door closed, Hannibal collapsed, spilling Will onto the floor. Within seconds, Hannibal was spread out over him, pinning his wrists to the carpet. “Will Graham,” he growled, eyes alight, dangerous. “You just counseled *my* patient.”

Will pushed back and managed to get his wrists about three inches off the carpet before giving up. He was pinned at the hips, Hannibal a broader body draped over him, his tie brushing Will’s chest as he bent closer. “You’re just mad,” he smirked, “because your patient had a breakthrough with me, not with you.”

Hannibal responded by leaning into Will’s throat and biting the tender flesh just below his jaw, a quick nip that eased into a kiss. “Don’t be ridiculous.”

“You are. I therapied the *shit* out of that guy. All you did was support my ass.”

“It was my pleasure to do so,” Hannibal admitted, grinding the prominent bulge that swelled beneath his trousers against Will’s rapidly stiffening cock. “But what is this I’m hearing about *role-playing* ? You said you were going over to Mr. Zeller’s house for games. I assumed cards or Monopoly or something similar.”

“Uhn…” Will murmured, dropping his head back on the carpet with a little moan-gasp as Hannibal rutted against him again, kissing his neck and dragging his teeth roughly over his Adam’s apple. “Y-you heard Franklyn,” he said breathily, desire pounding through his veins in a sudden rush. “People think it’s for nerds and virgins and Satanists.”

“Oh, my love,” Hannibal purred into the place where his shoulder met the neck, teasing open his shirt with one hand while still holding Will’s other wrist. “You’re about as far from virginity as one can get.”

“Are you calling me a whore?” Will demanded even as he got a hand free to fondle Hannibal through his trousers.

“Only if you find degradation arousing.”

“… okay, yes, but that’s not what we were talking ab-“ Will lost his word in the feverish kiss Hannibal brought to his lips.

Hannibal took his tongue out for Will’s mouth just to say, “Slut.”

“Just for you, sugar bear.”

Hannibal got up and helped Will to his feet, only to lift him onto the desk, sending books and drawing pencils clattering to the floor. “Tell me about this dungeon where you role play and

don’t tell me about it.” Hannibal tore Will’s shirt open, scattering some buttons, and locked a hot, wet line from his navel to one nipple than the other.

“It’s not a sex thing!” Will insisted with an aroused shiver. “It’s like a video game but you use paper and pencils and dice. You’re a character in a story we all get to tell. Zeller sets up the- the story world and we all move our characters through the plot—“ Will was silenced by Hannibal’s kiss again until Hannibal paused to strip off his suit jacket, waistcoat, and loosen his tie. “I was embarrassed. I thought you’d think it was childish.”

“Will.” Hannibal paused their amorous play to gather Will's face between his hands, brushing his hair back from his forehead. “There is a difference between being *childish* and *childlike* . I want you to be happy. That is, in fact, my dearest wish. However, we promised no more secrets.”

“You’re right, you’re right,” Will relented.

“Now, tell me about your character,” Hannibal requested as he pulled Will’s ruined shirt from his body.

Will smiled shyly. “Well, uhm, he’s a halfling — that’s like a hobbit, the little people with the hairy feet — and he’s a rogue right now but I’m thinking of having him become a bard. Run around playing music on his magical lute. His name’s Gullivar Hollandaise.”

“Perhaps one night, at the tavern, he meets a knight big enough to carry him off.” Hannibal hoisted Will up without warning. He let out a yelp that dissolved into a laugh as Hannibal carried him over to the therapy couch and went about the business of taking his pants off.

“Easy, sir, I’m just a halfling. That’s a human-sized dick you got there.”

“I know you’ll find a way, mister… Hollandaise, was it?”

Will slid off the lounge and got on his knees to pull Hannibal’s cock into his mouth. “I’ll manage — somehow…”

Will did, in fact, manage, applying all of the skills at his disposal, swirling his tongue and taking it in as far as he could, fighting his gag reflex. Hannibal stroked his hair with loving fingers, tugging it gently when he climaxed. Will swallowed, then had to swallow again. He got up as Hannibal reclined on the lounge, his cock hanging out still, one arm behind his head, eyes closed. Will tucked him back in, then sat on his hips, winding his tie around his hand. “No naps. You have some work to do.” He took Hannibal’s hand and pressed it against his hard-on.

“You’ve exhausted me. What did you think, treating me like furniture? I will have to have a spinal adjustment.”

Will kissed him, rutting against the hand that grasped him now. “You must be chaotic evil if you’re not gonna help me out here, sir knight. What happened to the old fashioned, uh, sense of chivalry?”

Hannibal hummed, keeping his eyes shut even as Will kissed him again and nuzzled into his neck.

“That’s it, you’re gonna make me do it. I cast charm person, and you missed your wisdom saving throw.” Will pulled in the waistband of his boxers and pushed Hannibal’s hand inside. “I have an 18 charisma, by the way. So, uh, you’re in real trouble.”

“I don’t know what any of that means.”

“It means get up and suck my cock,” Will ordered, though he was laughing.

“I don’t need a magic spell to convince me,” Hannibal told him, folding Will beneath him on the lounge and freeing his dick for a moment before drawing it between his lips.

“Guess you’re not chaotic evil, then?” Will said between moans.

“I never said that.”

October 16th: Free Use

Chapter Summary

> Will is on an important phone call with Jack about the Beth LeBeau case. Hannibal can't wait, so Will lets him take care of business while he's working.

When Hannibal came back in from letting the dogs outside, he found Will in the half-remodeled dining room, glancing over pictures of a dead woman whose face had been mutilated into a hideous smile. He had his phone to his ear and his computer open as well. “Jack, it’s Sunday morning — you really want me to go over all this shit again? Do I need to start recording myself at the crime scenes?”

He winked at Hannibal, who hovered at the doorway, then shrugged apologetically at the violent mess of images on the table. “Yeah, no. Uh-huh. Zeller said what?”

Hannibal hung up his wool overcoat, leaving him in his weekend morning attire — maroon patterned pajama bottoms and a cream sweater. He found Will’s coffee cup abandoned on the kitchen counter and refreshed it, adding the requisite sugars, and brought it to him at the table. “Thanks, darlin’ — no, Jack, why exactly would I be calling you… yeah, Hannibal’s here. No, I am not going to ruin his weekend. Hold on, I need both hands.” Will slipped in his little bluetooth earpiece and switched it on. “Can you hear me?” He took a distracted slurp of coffee. “Yeah. I know.”

Hannibal went back to the kitchen to make quiche, which he did, waiting for Will to be off the phone. By the time it was in the oven, he was still talking to Jack, glancing over some paper files now that he’d added to the stack of glossy crime scene photos. “I’m telling you, Jack, it’s someone she knows. It’s not that Clownface Killer out of Syracuse.”

Hannibal turned to go back to the kitchen, but paused, choosing instead to lean a shoulder on the doorway, arms crossed. Will was silhouetted at the window by the delicate winter morning’s light, its rosiness hinting at a spring that must be just around the corner. His profile, from the graceful line of his forehead to the outline of his curls, jawline to the particular shape of his nose, brought to the surface a sudden whole-body weakness. He was so, *so* beautiful.

It was hard for Hannibal to believe, at times, that he wasn’t trapped inside of some long-running fever dream. This creature, this ferociously clever boy – not only did he exist, but he’d chosen to be here, in this house, spending days and nights at Hannibal’s side. Even when confronted with the truth about the Chesapeake Ripper, he stayed. He’d *wanted* to stay – not because he was afraid, or because he was attracted to power, or he’d been manipulated. It was love, fully reciprocated, and it was a true miracle.

The awe, the desire to worship, the deep sensation of gratitude, it all braided together into a moment of elevated connection.

I want to marry him, came the ridiculous, sentimental thought. Who needed the approval of the church or the state, when they'd shared so much already?

Still, the notion remained, the little flame fanning brighter with each passing moment.

Unable to express it, he acted instead, crossing around to the other side of the table. Will had his glasses on and was poring over an autopsy report from the coroner's office in Providence, still talking to Jack intermittently through the earpiece. "I can understand why you'd think that, but– no, I'm looking at it right now."

Hannibal crept up behind him and slid his arms around Will's waist, pressing his face into the side of his curls and breathing in, letting his palms caress Will's chest and abdomen through the tee-shirt he was wearing over a pair of flannel drawstring pants. Will leaned back into him for a reassuring moment, then broke away to pick up a close-up photo of a woman's body in a puddle of blood. "Well, just look at the pictures. The Connecticut and Rhode Island victims were found face down, outdoors. I'm wondering about you, are you getting, uh… *duller* in your old age, Jack?"

It wasn't enough. Hannibal caught him again, sneaking his hands beneath the tee-shirt this time, wandering his touch over the cut of Will's hips, the divot of his navel, the plane of his chest and the soft skin of his sternum. He nuzzled into Will's neck, clasping him from behind again, and kissed down to the shirt's neckline, then back up again. His fingers found Will's left nipple and circled it, making love to it with the flat pad of his middle finger.

Hannibal had studied classical art. He knew Western aesthetics like the back of his hand, could reproduce them. He understood the sublime. He'd sat in the Uffizi Gallery for hours with Boticelli. It was all pale and dead, ashes compared to this living soul in his arms.

The animal part of him moved on instinct, and transferred the lofty ideals of soul mate into carnal desire. He pressed his hardening cock into the cleft of Will's backside, through the layers of clothing, making its existence more than clear. Will rubbed back against him, but otherwise paid no further attention, bending slightly to click open an attachment that had just popped up in his email. "Got it. Okay, I'll give you that – the blade patterns are really similar. Yes, I'd go so far as to say eerily similar."

Hannibal eased Will's shirt hem up, then opened the neck wide to draw it smoothly over his head, tossing it on the table over a pile of bloody photos. He indulged himself in the hedonistic expanse of warm, honey-sweet neck and shoulders, nosing up against the back of Will's head and down to the nape. He smelled delectable, unwashed but warm and sweet and beautifully familiar.

Will reached back and cupped Hannibal's bulge, giving it an encouraging squeeze before rubbing it affectionately. Then it was right back to work. "No, Jack. The person who did this to Beth LeBeau was-was… lonely. And sad. Isolated. She felt like she had no one. Beth LeBeau was her last hope. And somehow Beth betrayed her." A pause. "Because horse girls don't have male friends."

Hannibal tasted Will's neck, tipping his head to the side, and grazed it with his teeth before wrapping his lips around the sweet spot where his shoulder sloped up into the line of his throat. He played with Will's flesh there for a few moments with the tip of his tongue before sucking hard enough to leave a bloody shadow behind. He was rewarded with a little shiver wracking Will's body, the baby-fine hairs on the back of his neck rising. He rutted himself against Will's ass again, enveloping him with his arms and holding Will's elbows at his sides, preventing him from clicking through the PDF Jack had sent, an analysis of metal shavings found in a murder victim's wound.

"Hold on a second, Jack." Hannibal let him free long enough for Will to pick up his phone and hit the mute button. "I–have…to take… this call," he said in between Hannibal's insistent kisses, the press and heat of his tongue. Finally, Will put hand over Hannibal's lips. "Or he's going to just call back and we'll have to go through all of this again. You know how Jack is when he has his mind set. Thinks he's right."

Hannibal frowned down at him as his hands still moved, kneading Will's ass.

"Don't pout," Will warned.

"I can't help it."

"Just, ah… do what you need to do, all right?" The side of Will's mouth twitched and he dropped a wink. Then he turned back to the table and unmuted the phone call. "Jack? Mmm-hmm. All right, so what did the witness say?"

Do what he had to do? If that was the case…

Hannibal went back to the bedroom and picked out some lubricant, this brand specifically made for easing penetration. When he returned, Will was bent over the table again, comparing a crime scene photo to one on the computer. "It's not completely outside the realm of possibility. I mean, both of these women could have been, ah… murdered by killer leprechauns – that's a *possibility* . But is it a probability?" Will sighed a heavy, put-upon sigh. "That was just an example, Jack, there's no killer out there pretending to be a leprechaun."

Hannibal splayed a hand on Will's bare back and pushed him further down against the table. Will settled on his elbows, the computer and phone in front of him. "Let me put it this way – in the summer, people sell more ice cream. In the summer people… *drown* more often. So what, you think ice cream makes people drown?"

Hannibal slid Will's pants and boxers down around his knees, then slipped his cock out the top of his pajama bottoms. Just touching it made him ache with the desire to be inside Will, to claim what he coveted, what he wanted to be bound to forever. He warmed a palmful of lube and went to work opening Will up, trying to be patient, ignoring the part of him that begged for release.

"This killing was intimate, I'll give you that, but I don't see it as –ehn– sexual." Will's grunt as Hannibal pressed his cock past the first ring of muscle interrupted his sentence and sent a spike of heat through Hannibal's entire body. "No, she wasn't. I keep telling you, Jack, if you don't like my answers – uhn – you can ask somebody else."

Hannibal was thrusting now, jostling Will up against the dining room table just enough to make his cup of coffee rattle against its surface. He couldn't resist stroking his fingers through Will's hair, winding his grip through the rich curls, giving them a little pull. Will ignored him completely, opening up a case file and flipping to a handwritten witness statement. "Telling me that Chilton thinks you're right is – mhmm – not the way to convince me. No, I will not. I told you why. Boundaries, Jack, you ever heard of 'em?"

Hannibal leaned over him entirely now, holding him close with one arm, hand pressed against his chest, the other splayed out on the table. He put his lips next to Will's ear, not the one with the phone headset. "You like being used like this?" he whispered, just above a silent breath as rolled his hips again, forcing himself in as deeply as he could, burying himself in Will's body. "Opened up and ridden, nothing more than a warm hole?"

Will tremored beneath him again, his breath catching slightly even as he flipped the page on the witness report. "Y-you can… take or leave my advice, Jack, but I'm not coming in today… to look at the body again. Because it's Sunday. God rested on the s-seventh… day."

"No pleasure for yourself," Hannibal breathed into his ear again. "Transactional? Mundane?"

Will turned back to the computer and opened his email, clicking through some junk before deleting it, as if he had no idea he was being fucked enthusiastically at the moment. The coffee in his cup sloshed over the side, making a little puddle on the table. Will simply moved the case file away so it wouldn't get stained. "You need to go through her house," he advised Jack on the phone call. "Find her old journals from-from high school. She'll have a best friend. Start there."

"Whore," Hannibal whispered, twisting his hand into Will's hair before reaching around and feeling Will's cock, which, for all his pretended lack of caring, was swollen and leaking. "You wouldn't be this hard if you didn't like it."

"All horse girls keep diaries. Because I dated one in high school for about five minutes." Will's tone was becoming frustrated, his words clipped, his patience – with Jack or otherwise – clearly at an end.

"What would all of your born-again relatives back in Louisiana think of you now?" Hannibal's words were punctuated by his own little pants and moans. He was close, even as he worked Will's cock in his slicked hand. "If they could see you like this – bent over like this – for me–" He felt his quads tensing, the orgasm beginning like a spark about to set fire to a dry field of grass. "Fallen, like the town slut, your reputation ruined… because you love to be *used*... "

"Jack, I have to go– no, one of the dogs just c-caught, uh, a skunk out back – yeah, okay, Monday m-morning–" He snatched up the phone and hit the red button that would end the call, a precious half-second before he came with a moan he muffled in his folded arms. The constriction of his muscles ignited Hannibal's finish and he released, holding Will to him so tightly that he could hear his breath wheezing in his chest as he panted.

Hannibal released him slowly and turned Will in his arms to kiss him gratefully. "You get what you needed so bad?" Will asked him, tipping his head to rest it against the collar of

Hannibal's sweater.

"Yes. And more."

Will exhaled a little chuckle into Hannibal's neck. "Your dirty talk is… ah, *fuck* ." He paused, then lifted his head from Hannibal's shoulder. "Is something burning?"

They winced as the smoke alarm in the kitchen blared, signaling the cremation of the quiche. "Let me take you out for breakfast," Hannibal suggested with a rueful smile.

Will put his arms around Hannibal's neck with a benevolent laugh. "I get to choose the place," he yelled over the shrieking smoke alarm. "And I'm choosing Waffle House."

"Have mercy, Will."

"What, you want Denny's? You already had your Grand Slam Breakfast."

Hannibal kissed him again, rich, deeply penetrating, and gave his ass a solid slap. "Waffle House, then."

October 17th: S&M

Chapter Summary

> Will gets home late from Dungeons and Dragons, and finds Hannibal waiting for them in a dungeon of their own. Will's been a bad boy.

“All right, who’s on third watch?” Brian Zeller drained his beer and tossed the empty toward the recycling bin next to the fridge. It didn’t even clip the rim.

“Crit fail,” Maeve snorted, pushing her glasses up higher on her nose.

“Oh, definitely,” Franklyn agreed, offering her another slice of the cheese he’d made at his latest cheesemaking seminar. “It’s me, I’m on third.”

“Perception check.”

Franklyn rolled his dice and winced. “Missed it by four.”

“Then you don’t hear the thundering steps of two ogres as they charge into your camp and start swinging their clubs.” Zeller rolled his twenty-sider twice. “Oooh, and lucky for you dipshits, they both miss. Everybody roll perception to see if you wake up.”

Will hefted the red and gold metal twenty-sider from the new set he’d brought with him tonight, the rest nestled in their velvet-lined case. The case itself was made of slick, expensive wood (heh) and engraved with his initials in fancy gold-embossed script. A gift from Hannibal, of course.

He rolled, and the die made an expensive, satisfying thud on the kitchen table. “Made it by two.” He glanced at his watch. Nine already and they were just starting a combat. “Brian, it’s getting kinda late–”

“Made it by six!” Eddie yelled triumphantly from across the table. Jimmy gave his brother a fist bump. As far as twins went, the two couldn’t be more different – here was Jimmy looking like an even-more-clean-cut Mr. Rogers in a dress shirt, tie, sweater, and slacks, and there was his identical twin dressed like an ‘80s heavy metal groupie. They had the same face, same voice, almost, but Eddie had long hair that he obviously permed and teased out.

“Gah, missed it by one,” Jimmy reported.

“Same,” Maeve huffed, scolding her dice, then digging around in her silken pouch for another D20 to try.

“Will, Eddie, you wake up to see your camp reduced to chaos as two brutish monsters with massive fangs and clubs swing and miss on your cleric. You each have an action. Remember, you were bedded down for the night and don’t have your armor on, so adjust your AC accordingly. Spells go off first.” Zeller leaned over behind the DM screen, hands laced together.

“All right.” Will frowned down at his character sheet. “I start casting Hold Monster.”

“You’ll be a sitting duck!” Maeve cried.

“Not if I have anything to do with it,” Eddie promised, jiggling the dice in his hand. “I rage and pick up my +1 mace.”

“Protect the halfling, brother barbarian!” Franklyn cried in a heavy British-ish accent. “For he casts a spell that might aid us in this dark hour! Poseidon, give us your blessing, that our weapons may strike true!”

“I’ll take the one on the left.” Eddie rolled a 19. “Nice – that’s… fourteen points of damage.”

“Barely phases him. Like hitting him with a fly swatter,” Zeller said gleefully, cracking open another PBR. “Everybody roll initiative.”

Things got dicey (Will actually laughed aloud at his own thought when he had it, because… y’know, dice) especially when Franklyn’s cleric crit-failed, providing the monster not ensnared by Will’s spell an attack of opportunity. Sir Pinfeather Overmeade took a greatclub to the head, reducing him to one hit point. It was looking grim for the party of intrepid adventurers until Will cast Tasha’s Hideous Laughter on the last ogre standing, and Zeller failed his save miserably. The distraction allowed Maeve’s Drow assassin to perform a much-needed instant-kill.

“All right, we’ll leave it there. Next week you can lick your wounds and search the bodies.” Zeller belched and got to his feet, folding up the DM screen and closing all his books.

“Shit.” Will checked his watch again. Over an hour had passed since the battle started. “I’m gonna hear about this when I get home.”

“Oooh,” Eddie laughed, sticking his tongue out.

“Oh heavens,” Jimmy said, an ironic smirk spreading over his face as he rinsed out beer bottles in the sink to recycle. “Whatever will Dr. Lecter do to poor Will when he gets home? Make him sleep in the doghouse?”

“That wouldn’t be so bad, actually.” The dogs had their own outbuilding on the acreage, and it was heated, full of dog beds and toys. Most of the time they still slept in the house, but it was nice to have the option. For the dogs, not for Will.

“More like on the couch,” Maeve giggled, sliding her notebooks back into her tote bag. Franklyn laughed louder than anyone else, then looked away awkwardly when Maeve smiled at him, tossing her long dark hair over her shoulder. “Cold meatloaf for dinner.”

“Seriously, he seems like the nicest guy – never raises his voice even. You better be treating him right, Will.” Jimmy pulled out his phone and unlocked it. “Stop by the store for some ice cream or something. Little bouquet of supermarket flowers, maybe.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Will packed up his satchel and slung it over his shoulder.

“Hey, uh, Maeve – you wanna, uhm, share an Uber?” Franklyn asked, picking up his very authentic-looking leather adventurer’s backpack, decorated with a hand-tooled crest design.

“Oh, sure,” she said brightly as they made their way to the front door.

Will said goodnight, then slid into the driver’s seat of the Volvo and checked his phone. There was one text from Hannibal.

Tick tock, Will.

“Ah, fuck,” he groaned. One of Hannibal’s pet peeves was lateness, and he’d had some apologizing to do in the past few weeks. Mostly it was because, for some reason, he was having a lot more trouble regulating time, noticing it passing, getting so hyper-focused hours would pass without his awareness. However, tonight, he should have at least sent a text, which would have probably made it a non-issue. But there were ogres that needed killing, and Zeller didn’t allow phones at the gaming table. Maybe the flowers were a good idea.

Instead he drove home as quickly as he could without getting a traffic camera ticket (fun fact – you could go exactly 9 miles per hour over the speed limit and not set off the trap camera).

He parked the Volvo and went inside, taking off his shoes and hanging up his coat. The house was dark and very quiet. Will wondered for a few moments if Hannibal wasn’t home either, even though the Bentley was in the garage. A glance out the kitchen window revealed that the lights were on in the dog house, everybody in for the night. If Will stood still, he could feel Hannibal’s presence like a weighted blanket draped over his body.

He padded softly through the shadowy kitchen and into the hall. As he passed the doorway to the dining room, he noticed a single candle burning on the table. Next to it was his sub collar, open, waiting, an invitation.

It was an unnecessarily extravagant little thing, made of silver and embedded with aquamarine stones, their settings edged in gold, furling out in Versailles-style designs. Ridiculous, over the top, unnecessarily fancy. It wasn’t really *for* him, anyway – he couldn’t see it himself when he was wearing it. Hannibal chose it because *he* wanted to see it on Will, the stones matching his eyes.

Hannibal had one, too, that Will picked out. It was made of red and black leather, and had a little leather lapel to it, like the BDSM version of the type of collared oxford dress shirts Hannibal always wore. But that item was likely in the armoire in the bedroom. No, the message here was clear. It was an invitation. Will knew he could just leave it there and go to bed if he wasn’t feeling it. Consent was vital to each of them, considering their trust issues with people in general. But once the collar was on, all bets were off, if Will wanted to go there.

Maybe wanted wasn't the right word, but he certainly felt like he *deserved* whatever would happen once he put it on. He had been inconsiderate. Rude, really.

Will picked up the collar, blew out the candle, and went to the master bedroom. He took a quick shower, just washing his body, and sprayed on Hannibal's favorite scent he'd selected for Will, full of warm amber notes. He made sure he was trimmed, smooth, and ready to go, then slipped the collar around his neck, locking the clasp. It wasn't coming off until Hannibal unlocked it with the key he had.

Naked, he shivered a bit as he moved through the house looking for Hannibal. Upstairs was a bust, so he went down the shag-carpeted stairs to the finished basement. There wasn't much down here – when the dogs were inside, this is where they slept, alongside the treadmill and the weight bench. There was a room beyond that was unfinished, with a concrete floor and exposed beams, leading into the furnace room.

This unfinished room, dark and cold, was where he found Hannibal, sitting on an old recliner the previous owners had left. There was a sheeted piece of furniture in the center of the room, but he had no clue what it was. Han was fully dressed in his elegant work attire, waiting in the dark, the room lit only by a few more candles and a standing lamp in one corner. This was part of the game, but Will did feel a shiver of actual fear that braided with the boiling desire, racing barbed wire down his veins. The look on Hannibal's face was so alien to him, a kind of blankness where darkness bubbled just below the surface. It was, he guessed, probably the last thing a lot of people saw before they died.

Goddamn, his boyfriend was so FUCKING HOT.

Will averted his gaze, hugging his arms over his chest as goosebumps appeared as a result of the dank basement atmosphere. "I'm sorry I was late," he said, "and that I didn't call."

Hannibal's voice was deadly quiet. "You will, in fact, be sorry." The words were stunningly clipped and concise. Will let them echo through the subterranean room and through his mind and body. They overtook him like a drug, just as dangerous and addictive, even as he felt himself trembling all over, the tremors uncontrollable.

"Come here." Gentle now. Hannibal's voice had taken on just the tiniest shadow of softness.

His legs followed the command without his mind having to think. Will crossed the concrete floor, his bare feet making soft pat-pat sounds, the only thing disturbing the loaded quiet. He found himself within arm's length of Hannibal.

Hannibal uncrossed his legs and gestured for Will to kneel. He obeyed instantly, shifting to try and find a comfortable position on the cold, hard floor, knees apart, toes curled beneath, hands resting on his thighs, head hung submissively.

Hannibal leaned forward and cupped Will's face in both hands. Will relished the warmth of his broad palms and dared to look into Hannibal's dark eyes. Despite the icy facial expression, there was a loving gleam in his gaze. Hannibal held him like this, thumbs stroking his cheekbones below his eyes, over and over again.

“You will not speak again until you are given permission,” he said. “Nod if you understand.”

Will nodded, clamping his mouth shut, physically and mentally. The hands on his face tightened and Hannibal pulled him forward, leaning in for a kiss, just a taste, sensual, slow. “It is times like these,” he said, “when I am able to believe in a designed existence, and that this reality was made for you and I alone.”

Will hadn’t been given permission to make a sound, so he didn’t, but he felt the waves of love and heat and, yes, frustration coming from Hannibal. They sang along his neurons and activated the ambient pulse in his mind.

This game, of course, was about power. Hannibal was learning to relinquish it, little by little – for what was love, but an embracing of chaos, a forged trust where one’s happiness was bound to another person, someone who had the immense power to heal or hurt.

Hoping he wasn’t out of line, he gave the slightest nod.

After a few moments, Hannibal let him go. He stood, bringing Will to his feet as well with a delicate motion of his hand; crossing the small unfinished room, he pulled the sheet from the object he’d previously hidden.

Will bit down on his smile. He’d bought it! They’d been shopping for more fun sex equipment, and Will had expressed an interest in a product called “The Fuck Bench.” It was black, with a padded surface to lay face-down on. There were ergonomic leg and arm rests fitted with straps, leaving one’s hips right at the edge, just the right height to get railed. This particular model had a little divot cut out for a man to lay on his stomach and comfortably have a monster erection, which Will was currently working on.

“Make yourself comfortable,” Hannibal invited. Will climbed onto the contraption, which reminded him of a chiropractor’s table more than anything. He positioned himself against the padded surfaces and kept his head bowed. Hannibal fixed all of the straps, three from wrist to elbow, three from ankle to knee. Tight. Uncomfortably tight, which was perfect.

When he was finished, Hannibal ran his smooth, warm hand along the rise of Will’s backside, then traced just his fingertips along the collar before running them down Will’s spine to his tailbone. “Would you like a gag, darling?”

The question burned through Will, boiling his blood. He felt his heart rate skyrocket, his breathing suddenly disordered. He took a deep inhale and shook his head.

“Good boy.” Hannibal stroked Will’s back once more before stepping away.

Will heard Hannibal’s shoes on the concrete as he walked back across the room, but he couldn’t turn his head enough to see. Besides, he hadn’t been given permission to. He closed his eyes and concentrated on breathing, his muscles knotting with tension and anticipation.

Still, it came as a surprise, the first slash of pain across his ass. The whistle of air was a dead give-away – Hannibal had picked up a riding crop, one of several in their collection. Maybe it was the one with the heart-shaped pad on the end. He was lucky it wasn’t one of the studded

leather variety. Another blow landed, a knife's edge of bright pain followed by a fierce burning. Will muffled the mewling little sound he wanted to make by keeping his jaw locked so tight his teeth were grinding.

Another sound of the crop singing through the air, and an impact against the small of his back this time. Another. The pain carved itself into Will, leaving him simultaneously devoid of any other sensation, and filled with the ache of desire. The ache for approval, for salvation, from the only person who could give it to him.

Against his will, he twisted in the bondage, balling his fists and pressing his face into the padded edge of the bench. Instinctively, he tugged his elbows backward, trying to get out. Hannibal gave him a moment to regain his composure before bringing the crop down again, in the center of his back this time. Will successfully resisted the cry that had gathered in his throat, letting it out as a minute hiss instead.

Where he'd felt that Hannibal's touch was warm before, it was now a cool heaven against the welts on his back, fingers deliberately tracing the marks left behind by the crop. "Well done. Barely a sound." Hannibal bent over and kissed his temple, then ran his hand through Will's hair affectionately. Will panted as quietly as he could, wiping his face against the cushion on the bench where tears had spilled over.

"Just a little more for me," Hannibal requested.

The crop stung along the back of Will's thighs. Somehow, this was worse than his back, or even the tender skin of his ass. Again. Again. Again. Will lost count, all of the pain on his skin seeping together like two separate raindrops joining on a car window. It dissolved into a beautiful ache that hummed along his nerves, centering down into his cock he wanted desperately for someone to touch.

Hannibal was kneeling before him now, brushing his hair back from his forehead, now giving him a lingering kiss against the salt of his tears that had flowed onto his lips. "Almost finished," he said, a soft encouragement.

Will nodded, daring a little smile.

He paid for that, across his shoulders this time. Will marveled at how his body took the pain and transmuted it into something else. He was no longer pulling on the restraints, no longer gripping the armrests or curling his toes. He was limp, everywhere but in one place.

At last, Hannibal stopped. He stepped in front of Will and traced the end of the crop along the side of his face, then over his lips and along his jawline, pausing under his chin. "Well done, Will. I'm pleased enough to accept your apology."

Will only nodded, keeping his eyes averted.

"Would you like some assistance?"

Will nodded again, glancing up and trying to emote how grateful he was.

“I’ll assist myself as well, if I may.” Will waited in the quiet dark behind his eyelids until he heard the rustling of Hannibal’s trousers going down, and felt the press of his fingers at Will’s entrance, massaging away the tiny shreds of remaining tension with a warming lubricant. Before moving inside, Hannibal bent at the waist and brushed his lips over a particularly sore welt across Will’s back. Will flinched, not from this, but the simple feeling of Hannibal’s necktie dragging over the series of impact wounds.

The Fuck Bench delivered exactly what the name and product description promised, and Hannibal had assembled it at just the right height for himself. It had adjustable legs, so Will would be able to lower it when it was his turn, just a couple three inches or so. The heavy quality of the frame and materials ensured that Hannibal could really thrust into him without it sliding forward on the floor or the legs coming away from the concrete below. Any accompanying pain from this particular fucking just added itself to the sweet agony all across the backs of his thighs, ass, back, and shoulders. Another drop in the bucket, easily dissolved.

Will’s untouched climax snuck up on him, and even as he clenched and squeezed his jaw shut to keep from making noise, Hannibal gave him a resounding slap on the ass, right over one of the welts that snaked bright pain through his pleasure. Perfect timing, as always, and Hannibal wasn’t far behind.

When he’d collected himself and pulled up his trousers again, Hannibal unstrapped him with tender care and helped him to his trembling feet. He wound Will’s arm around his shoulders, then took him gingerly by the waist. Will winced at the feeling of his suit jacket against the raw spots on his back. Together they went upstairs, where Hannibal stretched Will out on the bed face down and brought a warm, wet cloth for the streams of moisture that had traveled down his legs in the interim.

Will snagged a pillow and tucked it under himself, turning his face to the side and stretching his arms up around it, floating in a hazy little space of post-orgasm and in the echoes of pain. He could still feel the press of the collar into the tender flesh of his throat, though the metal was warmed by his body heat now. He heard Hannibal rustling around, and after a time, the press of his body as he sat down on the side of the bed. Will turned his head and opened his eyes to see Hannibal with his doctor’s bag, eyes hooded and velvet with love. He’d changed into a pair of silk boxers and his robe. “I owe you an apology as well, my love — I broke the skin. Twice.”

“It’s okay,” Will soothed with an exhausted smile.

“Not to me, it isn’t.” Hannibal opened his back and withdrew a little salve, which he applied to the two impact lines on Will’s thigh and shoulder where the crop had penetrated the first layer of epidermis. He then placed some light gauze over the open areas and taped it in place with special hypo-allergenic medical tape that wouldn’t leave adhesive on Will’s skin or give him a welt just from removing it. “You have very pretty skin, Will, you need to take care of it. Haven’t you noticed how sensitive it is?”

Will shrugged, a tiny motion. “I guess.”

“Watch.” Hannibal broke a tongue depressor in two. He dragged the jagged bit over his own forearm, along the underside, making a mark about an inch long. It didn’t even come close to breaking the skin, something you might get passing a twig in the forest. He did the same thing on Will’s arm, then held them together. “Do you see?”

“Huh.” Will saw that the line on his arm was actually swelling the tiniest bit, and was definitely redder than Hannibal’s.

“Hypersensitivity,” Hannibal told him, pulling out a bottle of special aloe gel that he used every time they did aftercare. He tipped it against a cotton ball and dabbed it against Will’s welts. It was pure bliss, canceling out the remaining burn.

“I think I’m tired of being hypersensitive in general,” Will said, voice half-muffled by the pillow as Hannibal swiped gently along each of his welts, dotting the cotton ball and re-soaking it as needed.

“Sensitivity allows us to assume another’s point of view. And therein lies understanding, and, if one wishes it, love. If he pays you a visit, you have to open the door.” He paused to draw a hand along Will’s head, stroking his hair. “Would you like anything for the pain?”

“No,” Will said. “I’ll take something tomorrow morning.”

“I like your sensitivity, Will. Adore it, in fact.” Hannibal closed his bag and set it on the nightstand before taking Will’s hand. “And seeing you this way, in a place of complete trust, in the aftermath of being broken down – it is precious to me. It lets me reclaim a moment of being a caregiver, and of a kind of mentorship. Anymore, as you gain confidence in yourself and embrace your becoming, I’m afraid you need me less and less.”

“Hey.” Will struggled up on his elbows and beckoned Hannibal down for a kiss. “I am never *not* going to need you, okay, so just… trust me, too, all right?”

Hannibal smiled, a secret, pleased little thing, then got to his feet. “I’ll turn up the thermostat. I don’t think you’ll want any sheets or pajamas touching your back.”

“Thanks, sweetheart,” Will murmured, half-asleep already.

Hannibal left and returned with some water for Will, and lay down next to him. The HVAC rumbled to life, spewing hot air into the bedroom until it was warm enough to sleep on top of the covers. Will carefully arranged himself stomach-down, resting his head over Hannibal’s heart, tucked under his chin. Hannibal was careful to keep his arm up, crooked under the pillow to avoid touching Will’s back in the night.

“I hope it was important,” Hannibal said softly, playfully, as they breathed in the dark, “whatever delayed you.”

“It was,” Will replied. “Two ogres. Sneak attack… way too many failed perception checks…”

With that, he was asleep.

October 18th: Somnophilia

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal was away all weekend at a psychology conference. When he gets home, Will tries to surprise him with dinner, but isn't feeling well. Will sleepwalks, and Hannibal tries to get him back to bed.

On one hand, airports had always held a certain type of magic in Hannibal's mind. Everything and everyone there was in transit, existing in a sublimely liminal space. He generally enjoyed the flight experience, the idea of going to sleep and waking up halfway around the world. It didn't hurt that his plane travel often took him to places he loved, such as Italy, France, Japan.

On the other hand… airplane food was an abomination. Tourists were loathsome. Airports were always crawling with overtired families with children throwing tantrums. And people who insisted on flying in their pajamas – not just comfortable clothing, but full-on patterned pajama pants and sweat shirts usually featuring cartoon characters.

If he'd had time, if he hadn't been so completely insistent on seeing Will as soon as possible, the man sitting behind him who'd taken his shoes off mid-flight, filling first class with his foot odor, would have been found dismembered on the baggage claim carousel.

After claiming his bag, Hannibal sent Will a text about his arrival, and made for the Bentley parked in the long-term lot; he wasted no time in getting home.

Will met him at the garage door that opened into the kitchen, reaching out to take his bag. Hannibal dropped it on the floor with a muffled thud and pulled Will into his arms instead, running a hand through the curly hair on the back of his head, breathing into his neck before angling in for a kiss. "Hey sugar, how was your flight?" Will asked as Hannibal studied him, as if they'd been apart much, much longer than a long weekend.

"Barely bearable," he said, his wordplay eliciting the smile he'd hoped to gain from Will.

"The dogs missed you." Will broke away and went to the counter where he'd poured a glass of wine, bringing it to Hannibal. "I was gonna cook something but I just… couldn't get it together. So I did pickup from the Five Seasons. As I recall, you, uh, once called their chicken cordon bleu 'edible' which is about as close to a five-star review a restaurant's ever gonna get from you."

Hannibal caught him before he left the kitchen, headed, most likely, for the dining room, where the meal was spread out. "Will," he said, tracing his thumb beneath Will's bloodshot eye. "Forgive me. You look terrible."

“Oh, thanks, nice to see you, too,” Will joked, but it was gentle. “I haven’t, uh, really slept more than a couple hours the last two days.”

“What’s preventing you?” Hannibal took him by the arm and drew him back into the kitchen, flipping on the light over the sink to get a closer look at him. Sallow skin, big bags under his eyes, mouth pale.

“I’ve had this absolute… fucking *bitch* of a migraine. It just won’t stop.”

“Have you taken anything?”

Will sighed. “I tried ibuprofen, aspirin, caffeine… hell, I broke down and bought some Midol. That was the only thing that put a dent in it, actually.”

Hannibal caught his wrist and took his pulse, eyes on the second hand of his watch. He lifted his hand and pressed it against Will’s lymph nodes. They were untroubled, but his skin seemed clammy, especially at the hairline.

“Do you have a history of migraines?”

“I’m fine,” Will deflected, catching Hannibal’s hand in his own. “C’mon, your dinner’s getting cold. I’m sure you didn’t eat on the plane, huh?”

“Will,” came the warning.

Will sighed. “Can you diagnose me and eat at the same time?”

Hannibal exhaled a little frustrated sound but nodded. They went into the dining room, which, despite his clearly debilitated physical state, Will had decorated with their best flatware, cloth napkins, placemats, the food from Five Seasons, and a bouquet of purple and white spring flowers.

“Welcome home.”

“Thank you, Will — I couldn’t have arranged it better myself.”

Instead of discussing his symptoms further, Will insisted on hearing about the conference, laughing aloud when Hannibal described the almost-empty lecture hall when Chilton presented his latest research, and how he’d faked illness to avoid having to sit on a panel with Hannibal.

Hannibal’s passably good dinner disappeared — he was, in fact, famished — but Will seemed to be pushing his food from one side of the plate to the other. “I think I’m just — my body’s too tired to remember to be hungry,” he said by way of explanation.

“Go lie down. I’ll clear the table,” Hannibal ordered.

“What? No, you just got home—“

“I appreciate the selfless sentiment as your lover, darling, but as your doctor, I’m increasingly irritated,” Hannibal warned him before blowing out the candles and picking up their plates.

“All right, all right,” Will relented, and disappeared into the bedroom. Hannibal joined him a few minutes later and found him huddled under the covers. Hannibal coaxed him out long enough to take his temperature. “A hundred and two-point-five. No wonder you aren’t feeling well.”

“If I could just sleep…” Will murmured. “My fucking head’s in a vise.”

“Let me give you something.”

Will nodded, and Hannibal went to the medicine cabinet, coming back with a few different pills. “Something for the pain and to help you sleep.”

Will dry-swallowed them, then buried himself back under the covers. “Please get in,” he begged softly. “I’m f-freezing.”

Hannibal obliged, undressing to his underwear to give Will readier access to his body heat.

Will attached himself, resting his head on Hannibal’s chest, ear over his heart, tucked under his chin, clinging to him with one arm and leg. Hannibal could feel him quaking all over.

“Maybe it’s the flu,” he murmured. “I don’t want to get you sick.”

“We share everything, Will - certainly one another’s germs, considering our amount of intimate contact. Do you have other symptoms?”

“Just the headache…”

Hannibal held him as close as possible, keeping the bedcovers tucked in tightly. Will was restless, wriggling constantly to get comfortable until suddenly he went very still, emitting a whispery, rhythmic breathing that sometimes syncopated its beat.

Hannibal relaxed knowing he was asleep at last, and tried to rest as well. He found it near impossible. First, Will’s body emitted so much heat he was sweating beneath the duvet, but didn’t dare move or pull back any of the covers. And secondly, he’d missed Will. And so had his body, which was now calling out passionately for some attention despite his attempts to sleep.

The final challenge was Will’s scent. For some reason, the fever added a layer of buttery cinnamon sweetness to his usual bouquet that reminded Hannibal of a warm breakfast. And it was everywhere, this toasted nutmeg maple syrup honey smell, radiating off of Will’s skin and hair in the waves of heat from his fever. All Hannibal wanted to do was stick his nose in Will's neck and inhale deeply. Certainly he could do that much.

Indulging himself did not help, and it took him over an hour to calm his dick and drift off to sleep.

When he woke again, the bedroom was still dark. He was slicked with perspiration and sleepily pawed his way out of the covers, sighing in relief when the cooler air washed over him. He reached over to find Will, but there was nothing on the other side of the bed except the imprint of a sweaty body curled up in the fetal position.

Hannibal got up and pulled on his robe, glancing into the en-suite bathroom. Not there. He padded out to the hall and glanced into the living room. Will was there in his sweat soaked tee shirt and boxers, standing at the big picture window, looking out over the dark fields.

"Will?" Hannibal crossed the room to stand next to his lover, sliding a hand on his shoulder. Even through the damp cotton, he could feel the heat flowing up from Will's skin like mist from a pond on an autumn morning. He was wavering on his feet as though inebriated, making little sounds in his throat that seemed like tuneless humming. It was altogether disconcerting – though Hannibal had seen more than his fair share of patients in fugue states or disassociating, never had one of those patients been someone he loved more dearly than his own life and freedom.

Hannibal stood in front of him now, trying to look him in the eye. "Will?"

Will's pale eyes were open, but unfocused, the pupils large. He blinked slowly several times, then took a breath and kept humming.

"Will, can you hear me?"

"I know what you are," Will said, his voice thick, heavy with sleep and his unchecked childhood accent. "You're a wendigo. I know. I know. I know. I know what you are."

Unresponsive, repeating phrases, unfocused gaze – Will was sleepwalking. He'd never known him to do it before. It must be a result of the medications Hannibal had given him for his migraine and the fever.

"I know what you are. I know." Will said it through a loopy smile, reaching out and taking Hannibal by one shoulder, sliding his other arm around his waist.

"Let's go back to bed." There it was again, that irresistible sweet spice of his scent amplified by the fever. Hannibal dipped his face into Will's neck, against his better judgment, and took a deep breath, closing his arms around Will's swaying body in a firm grip. So, so delicious.

Will caressed up the back of Hannibal's head, then ran his fingers through his hair, over and over again as Hannibal glutted himself on the fevered sweetness. "You look like him," Will murmured as Hannibal leaned into his touch, unable to prevent his cock from responding to the treatment. "I like them. I like… your antlers… I like…"

Whatever Will was dreaming about, his body was reacting similarly, one arm slung around Hannibal's neck, the other hand giving his ass a sensual caress followed by a possessive grope. He wavered and fell forward directly into Hannibal's shoulder, forcing him to hold Will upright as he continued to paw at Hannibal like a freshman fumbling with a panty girdle. "Will," Hannibal begged, trying to keep him on his feet as Will kissed his neck, a passionate if sloppy exercise.

“Kiss,” he murmured.

“You’re asleep, Will.” It didn’t matter. There was no waking him in this state. While the superstitions surrounding waking sleepwalkers were unfounded, Hannibal didn’t want Will to wake up disoriented or fall and injure himself.

“Kiss,” Will insisted, giggling, eyes dropped closed now.

“Back to bed first.” Hannibal wrapped Will’s arm around his shoulders and clung to his waist, shuffling them down the hall to the bedroom.

Will was pliable enough, tipsy in his movements and befuddled laughter. Hannibal was able to tuck them both back into bed. Will squirmed around under the covers until Hannibal figured out what he was doing — taking off his clothes. He pawed at Hannibal again, begging for kisses, groping blindly until he managed to get his hand in Hannibal’s briefs. “Will—“

It was wrong, of course. Will wasn’t conscious. Who knew who he was trying to kiss in his dream — someone with antlers, apparently. But he smelled so mouthwateringly good, and his body was so warm and inviting. Besides that, they had been apart for three nights.

“I’m only human, darling, please…”

Will giggled again, teasing his cock with the hand he’d shoved down Hannibal’s underwear. “No, you’re not,” he laughed through kissing attempts, his eyes half-open but unseeing.

“Will!” Hannibal gasped his name as Will cupped his junk and squeezed, straddling a place between amorous pain and sweet indignation. “Hold still,” he ordered, manhandling Will into a spooning position, arms locked around his chest. There was that heavenly scent again, everywhere – so much sweat and fevered heat –

Will’s hands were free enough that, in this curled position, he could reach between his legs, drawing Hannibal’s cock against his thigh before closing the other on top of it with another sleepy laugh-sigh.

And in that moment, Hannibal Lecter lost it. Lost his self-control, lost his battle for the moral high ground, lost himself in the landslide of desire. He made a growling, uncontrolled sound, and, after a brief repositioning, began to thrust, a hand around Will’s length in front. Will responded with a heady sigh and a sweet little whining noise, perfect in that it was uttered completely unselfconsciously, the sound of pure delighted instinct.

Will’s thighs were damp with perspiration around his groin and the heat of the fever made the experience all the more novel – deliriously good, the best intercrural Hannibal had ever enjoyed. It was too bad Will was going to sleep through it. He came in a great rush, his emission adding to the warm wetness. Will’s ragdoll dreaming body suddenly clenched and he spilled onto the already wet sheets.

Hannibal kissed his aromatic neck exhaustedly, softening cock still warming between Will’s thighs. Will was back in a stage of deep slumber. Hannibal relaxed his grip slowly in case he

woke up again or tried to move. He snapped his fingers next to Will's ear. No response.

With a groan, Hannibal at last relaxed. Pulling up the sweaty sheet and blanket, he spooned Will, arm draped over in case he got up and started walking around again. Even as the thought formed that he should keep watch until morning, he dropped out of consciousness and into a dream of his own. It was about Will. All of his dreams were about Will now.

October 19th: Exhibitionism and Voyeurism

Chapter Summary

> Spring has sprung! Something else in Hannibal's pants has sprung as well when he catches Will washing their cars.

At last, the days grew warm and the earth came back to life. It was Hannibal's favorite time of year, the season of rebirth, renewal, of spring lambs and fertility. All of the bulb flowers he'd had planted around the house at the acreage were coming up, poking stubbornly through the wet ground, a direct contrast to the dull grass that had not yet resurrected.

The wind blew almost hot today, the sun brash and bright. Will was outside with the dogs, doing various yard work and chores around the property, clearing out dead brush and starting a burn pile. Hannibal remained in the three-seasons porch working on patient notes and peer-reviewing some articles before taking some time to sketch the new flowers and experiment with some watercolor.

Soon it would be the midday meal. Hannibal headed for the kitchen, but found himself standing in the living room instead, captured by what he was seeing outside the picture window in the driveway.

Will had both cars out of the garage, and was cleaning them inside and out, vacuuming the floor mats and wiping down consoles. Hannibal watched him finish the Volvo's interior, then get out and hook up the garden hose.

It was delightful, watching him like this, without Will knowing he was being observed. He'd removed his flannel in the day's heat, leaving him in a white undershirt and his work jeans with the rips and paint splatters.

He looked radiant in the sun — healthy and well, such a departure from last weekend when he'd had the migraine and fever.

Hannibal had tried to talk Will into having blood work done, but Will, showing an infuriating lack of care for himself, brushed it off. The symptoms were gone now, weren't they? Maybe if it happened again he'd go get checked. He had his own doctor at home, right? With the sexiest bedside manner?

Hannibal had assented only when Will agreed to daily temperature checks. "Hey, maybe you should check my temperature with your, uh… rectal thermometer, you get what I'm saying?" Will had suggested.

Hannibal had laughed at the time, but he couldn't help the nagging feeling something was wrong, if only because of the sharp shift in Will's scent during the episode. Hannibal had once smelled a man's stomach cancer before he'd even been diagnosed.

Now, it was easy to dismiss his own concerns, watching Will fill up a bucket with water and some kind of cleaning product, admiring the curve of his ass as he bent over. Will sprayed down the outside of both cars, then picked up a fat yellow sponge, soaking it in the sudsy water before applying it to the grill of the Bentley, then moving onto the sand and salt that had gathered on the wheel wells.

Hannibal knew he should get back to work. Instead, he moved closer to the window, taking this private moment to absolutely leer at his lover, his gaze objectifying and covetous and disrespectful. As Will leaned over the hood of the car, he inadvertently soaked water into the thin material of the tank top.

When he went back to rinse the sponge in the bucket, Hannibal got an eyeful of his chest, nipples and definition clearly visible beneath the thin, waterlogged material. As Will washed the top of the car, more soapy water ran down his arm and dripped all over his torso. He dragged a wet hand through his hair and kept working.

Hannibal watched Will bend over and then straighten, lifting the windshield wipers and cleaning them one at a time, getting progressively wetter as he worked. His cock twitched, then began to fill out before he could do anything at all to negate the sudden rush of blood brought about by the sight he beheld.

Will paused when Winston trotted over. He picked up the hose and sprayed it into the air at the dog's head height and Winston snapped at the water before racing away and then coming back for more.

Will set the hose with the sprayer down on the driveway and resumed washing the hubcaps. Winston nosed the sprayer, and then pawed at it relentlessly until he accidentally pushed down on the lever, emitting a jet of water that hit Will square in the back and down to the waistband of his jeans. Will got up, laughing, picking up the sprayer and squirting it at Winston again.

When Winston had had enough and trotted away, Will sighed, looking down at his soaked clothes. Hannibal's silent wish was granted, an impossible gift from the universe, when Will kicked off his work boots and wiggled out of his half-soaked jeans, leaving them in a heap on the concrete. Hannibal sighed as well, a longing sound, and briefly passed a hand over the front of his trousers, then cupped his bulge in earnest, rubbing it as Will bent over the hood of the Volvo now in his undershirt and boxers, lathering up the car's surface and getting even more soaked in the process.

Long gone was the urge to return to work, any feeling of obligation. There was only this moment and how it made him feel; besotted beyond belief.

Will finished rinsing the Volvo, then leaned his hips against the side of the Bentley, just in front of the driver's side door, the nozzle sprayer still in his hands. He adjusted the water flow to a shower-like trickle, and, with a kind of sensual deliberateness, rinsed the soap suds from

his arms, one after the other. He then raised the water to the back of his neck, rubbing it clean with his free hand, then dragging his wet fingers through his hair again.

Hannibal had seen Will naked from every angle possible, and it was somehow a hundred times sexier to simply have the suggestion of his outline trapped inside of the wet clothing. And there was no stopping what was going to happen next.

Hannibal strode with purpose toward the front door of the house, tossing clothes from himself as he went. He emerged onto the stoop barefoot and bare-chested, letting his belt fall on the welcome mat. Will caught his eye and opened his mouth to say something, but Hannibal was on him before he could draw the breath to speak, letting loose the ravenous kiss that had been building ever since he'd first spotted Will through the window.

"Is this what you wanted?" Hannibal breathed against his neck between kisses, trapping Will against the side of the car with his body, one hand flat against the window.

Will inhaled sharply when Hannibal bit the rise of his collarbone, tasting the salt-wet of the skin there, then exhaled through a chuckle. "I wanted clean cars, but this is, uh, icing on the cake."

"Innocent, are you?" Hannibal reached behind them and yanked on the door latch, pulling Will into himself, then manhandling him into the backseat of the Bentley, legs splayed open with Hannibal's knees between them. "Not with a deliberate display like that. How long were you aware I was watching you?"

"When I looked over and saw you in the window grabbing your dick," Will confessed, tipping his head back to inhale sharply again as Hannibal edged his nipple with his teeth through the thin wet undershirt. "Pervert."

"You've had no complaints thus far." Hannibal reached into his boxers and stroked him with a firm, loving hand, marveling at the shape of Will's throat when he tipped his head back at that particular angle, the way it drew the tendons and the outline of his larynx to the surface. "Quite the opposite."

"I liked being watched," Will admitted through his suddenly uneven breaths. He moaned with a particular lust that reverberated through the quiet berth of the Bentley when Hannibal freed himself and pressed their cocks together against Will's still-damp belly and began to thrust.

"Watched? No – *objectified* ." The last word was a half-grunt.

"Ogled, even?"

"A perfect word for it."

Will gasped and let out a little hitched sigh as a few pearly beads gathered at the head of Hannibal's erection in response to the stimulation. "Dirty old man," he goaded with a loving gaze that warmed other parts of Hannibal's body, not just his cock.

"Attention whore."

A little degredation always seemed to do the trick. Will reared up to kiss him and then panted against his lips as he climaxed. Just as he relaxed his muscles, Hannibal followed suit, moaning his into Will's neck.

When they finally got out of the Bentley, Hannibal holding a hand out to assist Will, he said, "Careful!I just washed this thing."

October 20th: Double Penetration -- Two Holes

Chapter Summary

Dr. Sutcliffe makes a house call.

As soon as Dr. Donald Sutcliffe stepped through the door into Hannibal's foyer, Will felt a shift in the atmosphere that put him on edge. The way the doctor looked past him, eyes not even registering Will's presence as he glided in to shake Hannibal's hand. The tightness of the grasp, the other hand folding over Hannibal's arm just above the elbow. "Hannibal, great to see you — it's been way too long!" The smile, the brightness in his eyes and the sharp, almost citrusy ring of his pleasant greeting, all fired warning shots in Will's brain.

Hannibal's fond, benevolent facial expression did not help matters. "Doctor Sutcliffe. Thank you for making a house call."

"Hey, it's no problem when I know you're cooking," he said, finally turning to Will. His gaze didn't grow cold by any means, but he shifted into a posture of subtle patronization, making it clear that he was the doctor and Will was the uneducated patient. "And you must be Will."

"Graham. Special agent," he added, then mentally kicked himself.

"That's right, Hannibal said you're working with the FBI. I'd love to hear all about it." Will relaxed a little. Sutcliffe seemed genuine enough, and he couldn't blame him for being excited to see Hannibal again. Hannibal just had a way with people that made them *feel* seen and special, although Will was confident enough now that Hannibal actually thought he actually was. The wedding ring on Sutcliffe's finger added another layer of surety.

Hannibal served a showy supper of jamon Ibirico with several different types of Spanish wine and fancy little tapas. The conversation was good, Will feeling more at ease the more time he spent with Hannibal's old friend from Johns Hopkins. Dr. Sutcliffe worked at the Noble Hills Care Center in Baltimore as the chief neurologist. He had a wife and two high-school aged kids and apparently enjoyed kayaking and camping, which resonated with Will. He'd been a friend of Hannibal's in med school and they'd done their residency together.

When those stories began, Will slowly put two and two together that… Donald Sutcliffe had had some kind of *romantic* connection with Hannibal at some point. Though it was never directly stated, Will picked up on it through his mirror neurons and subtle cues, especially as they reminisced about medical school.

"Remember that time you had to climb down the trellis on the side of the Sigma Pi house?" Don — he'd insisted Will could call him that — asked, his eyes misty with remembrance over dessert.

“Your roommate was supposed to be home with his parents for the weekend, as I recall.” Hannibal’s eyes flicked Will’s direction as if scanning for some kind of nonverbal response. Will furrowed his brow and mushed his spoon into his dulce de leche cake. “I nearly broke my neck.”

“I think you fell half the way down,” Don chuckled.

“God protects fools and children,” Hannibal replied after placing his silverware back on his dish. “I was a bit of both.”

“You were always getting us in trouble,” Don scolded gently after finishing his dessert. “Remember that time in the lecture hall when, uhm…” he chuckled and shook his head. “Different times,” he said, glancing Will’s way.

“The time that I recall most vividly was the pathology lab,” Hannibal said, despite Don’s attempt to spare Will.

“Well, it was… memorable, I’ll give you that.” Sutcliffe gave Will an apologetic smile. “Hannibal, dinner was exceptional, of course, but I suppose we should ”get on with the exam before it gets too late in the evening. Will, are you ready?”

Will shrugged with a weird, forced smile. “I guess.”

“I think the bedroom would be the most comfortable,” Hannibal suggested.

It was strange being back in the bedroom of Hannibal’s other house. The place had a detached, museum quality now that Han practically lived at the acreage, using this house for entertaining and housing the other 70% of his wardrobe and the antique harpsichord. Hannibal poured them each a sherry and waited at the end of the bed.

“All right, Will, I’ll go ahead and have you get undressed and have a seat.” Sutcliffe took off his suit jacket and handed it to Hannibal, who draped it carefully over the back of a chair, then rolled up his sleeves. “Benefit of a home visit is that you don’t have to put on a hospital gown, right?”

“Everything?” Will furrowed his brow even as he slid off his shoes and hooked a finger in his sock. “It’s my head that hurts sometimes.”

“Because of the severity of the symptoms, there’s a few things we want to rule out first before I order you a bunch of scans that’ll take your precious time away from the FBI,” Sutcliffe explained, opening his doctor’s bag and draping a stethoscope around his neck. “Mainly, I need to check you for any detectable lumps that might indicate you’re having problems with your lymph nodes.”

“Cancer,” Will said darkly, unbuttoning his shirt.

“I’m sure I won’t find anything.” Sutcliffe gave him a kindly smile, and offered the same to Hannibal. “Do you want a robe or something?”

Will glanced at Hannibal, noted the hungry velvet of his gaze. “No,” he said with a crooked smile. “I’m fine.”

In a few moments, Will was seated on the edge of the mattress, in the nude, with Dr. Sutcliffe pressing the stethoscope on various parts of his chest, instructing him to breathe. “What makes you think these aren’t migraines?” Sutcliffe asked Hannibal, who had also removed his jacket and was standing with his arms folded, watching Don work.

“Lack of prodrome symptoms,” Hannibal said. “No aura.”

“Not everybody has those,” Don said, shining a light in Will’s eyes. “Will, do you feel any different at all in the days leading up to one of your headaches?”

“Not really,” Will said, tilting his head back while Dr. Sutcliffe massaged his neck, feeling around his lymph nodes and checking his thyroid. “I guess one thing that was weird last time was, uh, I had… cravings.”

“For…?” Dr. Sutcliffe raised an eyebrow, glancing back at Hannibal.

Will stuttered, sweat threatening his hairline. “For meat.” Oh for God’s– that sounded like a euphemism and a half. He tried again. “I mean, like… steak. That’s all I wanted, no-nothing else, no side dishes, not even sweets. Just meat, the bloodier the better.”

“Cooking for him over those few days was interesting indeed,” Hannibal noted. “Rare steak, tartare…”

“Food cravings can be part of prodrome. And the pain is worse on one side than the other?” Sutcliffe lifted Will’s arm and pressed a warm hand along his side from his armpit to his hip, then examined the other side in a similar fashion. Will glanced at Hannibal and did a double-take – was his boyfriend pitching a tent? Or was it just the fold of the trousers?

“Y-yeah,” Will said, realizing after a long beat he hadn’t answered aloud, tearing his gaze from Hannibal, who had unfolded his arms and taken a step closer. “Right side.”

“Any nausea, vomiting?”

Will shook his head. “I definitely don’t want to eat when it happens. No appetite, but I don’t, ah, feel sick like that.”

“Hmm. Go ahead and lay back for me.” Dr. Sutcliffe pressed his hands against Will’s abdomen, feeling, Will thought, for lumps or tumors or anything out of the ordinary. Hannibal was still watching them carefully with what might be construed as professional curiosity, if Will wasn’t so attuned to him.

Hannibal thought this was hot. Will felt his cheeks redden. What was it about his ex handling his current partner that would–?

Then again, Will well knew, a person could often not always help or explain why certain things aroused them. Still, it made him utterly self-conscious and a little angry. Now was not the time – they were trying to figure out if there was something seriously wrong with him.

On the other hand, some of their best sex in recent memory occured at inopportune times – sometimes deliberately. Will thought of their little grope session in the lecture hall, getting caught, the opera, of being used while talking to Jack on the phone about the LeBeau case–

Fuck. If he wasn't careful, he was going to get an erection during this exam. He tried to focus on what Dr. Sutcliffe was saying. "What really throws me off is the fevers," Don was saying as he slid his hands along Will's thighs, testing the muscle there. "Push up against my hands. Now pull in," he instructed. Will obeyed, trying to keep his breathing orderly, deliberately not looking at Hannibal, though he could sense the shift in atmosphere. "I think we need to rule some things out before we start treating these as migraines." Sutcliffe put his hand under Will's shoulders to guide him up to a sitting position at the edge of the bed. "We'll start with bloodwork. I'll put the order in first thing tomorrow."

"Forgive me, Dr. Sutcliffe," Hannibal interjected, moving to stand next to him. Will watched the subtle change in Don's expression as Hannibal deliberately stepped into his personal space. "There are a few areas of Will's body you didn't examine. I don't mean to question your methods, but I would feel better if you gave him a more thorough exam."

Will couldn't stop the whispery, disbelieving laugh that escaped his lips.

To Dr. Sutcliffe's credit, he was very professional indeed. "Did you want to check his prostate?" he offered Hannibal, standing up and getting out of his way.

"I often do," Hannibal said. "But I asked you here tonight for a second opinion." He stepped over to the nightstand and withdrew a bottle of lube, passing it to the doctor's hand. "It's not always prudent to medically treat those closest to us. Love can distort a diagnosis."

"Sure, I understand." Sutcliffe nodded, and Will detected a degree of recklessness in his expression that made him shiver. "Will, could you bend over for me, please?"

They were looking for his consent, that much was obvious. Will looked from Sutcliffe to Hannibal and back again. He wavered for a few moments, listening to the different voices of his conscience yell in consternation, sometimes arguing, sometimes agreeing.

"All right." Will was almost surprised at his own answer but there wa no taking it back. "As long as… we maintain doctor-patient confidentiality."

"Of course," Sutcliffe promised, glancing at Hannibal with a benevolent smile that seemed to say, *he's so cute, isn't he?*

"And if you make another house call," Will added. "We both need to be there. You can't, uhm, treat us individually."

"Of course," Hannibal said.

"And, ah… PPE all around."

"Certainly."

Will nodded slowly, then got on his knees on the bed. He watches Hannibal cross to the other side of the mattress, definitely erect now, observing carefully as Don lubed up his hand and started fingering Will, one digit at a time. Will felt humiliation blushing his cheeks until he looked up at Hannibal again and saw the desire so clearly evident in his face. He unbuttoned his shirt and knelt on the bed in front of where Will was bent over, lifting his head to kiss him, sensual, burning. “Delightful. I never get to see you from this angle.”

Will felt the last of his objections wash away in the wake of Hannibal’s confession. His discomfort melted and reformed as desire, the desire to be simultaneously revered, objectified, worshiped, and degraded. Sutcliffe was just a tool, like a vibrator or a rising crop. This experience was all about Hannibal and himself. Whether Don knew that or not wasn’t important.

He moaned into Hannibal’s kiss as Sutcliffe found his prostate and, yes, gave it a very thorough examination. “Seems healthy,” Sutcliffe noted with the gleam of mischief. “Better keep at it just to be sure.”

Will exhaled sharply and drew in another breath as Sutcliffe stretched him further. Hannibal stroked his hair and kissed him again, breaking it off only when Will couldn’t stop himself from rutting backwards into Sutcliffe’s fingers, sweat beading on his brow.

He watched now, with a ravenous gaze of his own, as Hannibal stood and removed his clothing, never taking his eyes off of Will. He knelt back on the mattress again and ran his knuckles down Will’s burning cheek.

“He’s sensitive,” Sutcliffe complimented, removing his fingers at last. “And tight — do you do kegels?”

“Why don’t you find out?” Will panted his suggestion as Hannibal ran his hands through his hair and kissed him again.

“The prophylactics are in the drawer there, though you will want to check the date,” Hannibal advised.

Sutcliffe wasted no time in whipping off his coat and getting his dick out, wrapping it up and lubing Will’s ass almost excessively as Hannibal continued his litany of kisses that floated between tender and furious, reaching forward to stroke Will’s cock from base to tip.

Will tossed his head back with a heady sigh as Sutcliffe pushed into him, a little at a time, giving Will ample time to adjust. Hannibal’s own cock was swollen from the display, though nobody had touched it. He simply caressed Will’s face with a loving, reverential touch, murmuring encouragements. “You look beautiful from this angle, darling — at last I can see… relax, Will, breathe, that’s it — you’re doing so well. I’m in awe, my sweet one…”

Now Sutcliffe was in — and it had taken some time, as the man was well endowed — he began to thrust, slowly at first, then with increasing speed, though he held Will politely by the hips only. Hannibal guided Will’s face towards his lap, and moaned when Will opened his mouth to swallow his cock.

Somehow, the rhythm found itself. Will stood on the brink of climax for what felt like a long time, never quite grasping hold of the elusive thing until Hannibal spilled into his mouth, a loving hand in his hair, and, a few moments later, the way Sutcliffe moaned and clung to his hips, so appreciatively. That sensation of two holes filling simultaneously, of receiving for the pleasure of the others — for Hannibal to see and feel all at once, as it pleased him — brought him to the edge. When Hannibal slipped out of Will's mouth, then touched him between the legs, his vision exploded in flecks of crystal and the orgasm just kept going for what felt like almost half a minute.

"God I missed that," Sutcliffe admitted after returning from the bathroom where he'd removed the condom and cleaned up a bit. Will was in Hannibal's arms in the bed, tucked under the sheets, naked and pliable. "I think we should go ahead and schedule an MRI too, just to be sure. Fevers can accompany brain inflammation and we want to be on the safe side. I'll move you up to the top of the schedule, okay, Will?"

"Thanks," Will murmured, half-asleep in Hannibal's warm embrace.

"Great to see you, Hannibal. Thanks for dinner. I'll see myself out."

"Goodnight, Donald." When he was gone, Hannibal kissed Will's temple and pulled him even closer. "And goodnight, beloved," he whispered.

October 21st: Body Worship

Chapter Summary

> Will is in recovery for his encephalitis, and Hannibal has to keep a close eye on him. Luckily he worships Will's body so it's not a big deal.

“I’m sorry, Jack. I know Will is on an important case— yes, he told me, a human totem pole — but he is under strict orders not to work until he is medically cleared. Autoimmune encephalitis is very serious.”

Will watched Hannibal pace up and down the hall outside the bedroom, passing the doorway every so often. He was in his pajamas, a red sweater pulled over top, hair falling over his forehead. Beautifully disheveled. “I’m afraid not. The instructions were very clear — he needs mental and physical rest. No crime scene photos, no video tours of murders… not just my treatment, Jack. If you’d like I can provide a doctor’s note from his neurologist. We’re very lucky we caught it early.”

He paused, passing the doorway again and noting that Will was awake. “I don’t care about the lives of potential victims. I care about Will’s life. Call it selfish and callous if you must.” Hannibal put a hand on the door frame and looked up at the ceiling a moment, letting an expression of frustration slip. “No, I’m afraid I can’t allow you to speak with him.”

“I can…” Will muttered sleepily, half sitting up in bed.

Hannibal shook his head and disappeared down the hall out of earshot.

Will settled back into bed and passed his hand over his brow. He felt sweaty and uncomfortable, a little nauseated. He was exhausted but restless at the same time, and, for about a minute before Hannibal came back, felt like crying for no particular reason.

Hannibal must have seen the look on his face when he came back in, and immediately climbed in bed to hold him tightly.

“How’s Jack?”

“Being Jack. However, I believe he understands now. For a time I’m not sure he considered the severity of your diagnosis and thought I was being overly cautious.” Hannibal brushed Will’s damp hair away from his face. “How are you feeling?”

“It sucks. I feel worse on the medication than I did before, minus the actual episodes.” He sighed. “I don’t think I slept much last night.”

“It won’t be forever,” Hannibal promised. “A shower? Few situations in life cannot be improved by hot water.”

Will chuckled. “You wanna try out the walk in, huh.” The bathroom remodel was half done, but the new walk in shower with the glass wall was ready to be used.

“What’s the purpose of a large shower space if we don’t share it? Besides, you can’t be alone. You’re a seizure risk.”

Will let Hannibal help him get out of bed and pull off his sweaty tee shirt and boxers. “Thanks,” Will said earnestly as Hannibal stepped into the shower to turn on and adjust the water from the rainfall shower head installed in the ceiling. “For… disrupting your whole life, I guess. To stay home with me. Could’ve, uh, hired someone… I mean, what about your patients?”

Hannibal ushered Will beneath the water, then undressed and joined him with an embrace. “I may lose some patients,” he admitted after a kiss. “Some have agreed to meet with me virtually through video calls. But all of that is inconsequential. As if I would let some stranger take care of you.”

Will hummed through a smile, closing his eyes, leering the torrents of hot water cascade over him. Hannibal pumped some lavender-mint shampoo into his hand and worked it gently through Will’s curls, giving his scalp a gentle massage, Will’s hands resting on his shoulders, eyes closed. “I just, uhm… can’t wait to feel better. I’m sick of this shit already. I feel… I don’t know. Lazy, I guess. Like a burden.”

“It’s your American upbringing,” Hannibal told him after he rinsed. “You equate productivity with morality. Just exist, Will. That is more than enough.”

Will kept a hand on the shower wall as Hannibal poured another sweet-smelling body wash onto a loofa and lathered it up. Will closed his eyes again and felt Hannibal swipe it across his neck and shoulders. “The first time I managed to get your clothes off I was humbled. Stunned, really, that you were hiding these shoulders underneath.”

“Well, I used to buy my shirts too big, but you fixed that habit,” Will said as he rinsed. Hannibal followed the soaping with kisses and the gentle caress of his free hand along the T of Will’s shoulders, then moved up and down his neck on both sides. “Even the most ill fitting shirt couldn’t hide your throat from me,” Hannibal told him softly against his ear. “Its lines are like the subject of Michelangelo.”

Will snorted. “Cut it out.”

“I vowed to always tell you the truth, Will.” The loofa returned, circling his pecs, then moving slowly lower, before Hannibal turned him gently and washes every inch of his back before kissing his neck again. He pressed himself into Will from behind, and brought the sponge around to trace it along Will’s belly, then lower to his groin, gently soaping up his growing erection. “Feeling well enough for sexual arousal – that’s a good sign.”

“Just checking, or…?”

Hannibal hummed into his ear and knelt behind him after instructing Will to put his palms on the shower wall for balance. He reverentially washed Will's ass, cheeks, crevice, everything, before moving down his legs from thigh to heel with the loving care of a museum restorer bringing life back to an ancient statue. Will's breath changed, and he leaned his forehead against the shower wall. Hannibal better not say he was in no shape to fuck, because something was going to need to be done about his cock. Something. Somehow. *Please*...

"If I went blind, I would be forever grateful regardless," Hannibal said, drawing his lathered hand between Will's legs, running his fingertips from behind his balls all the way to the end of his crack, massaging everything in between. "Because I once beheld the sight of you, and I can keep your image with me forever in the memory palace."

"Specifically that view, uh, right there?" Will asked with a little self-deprecating laugh that turned into a wanton moan when Hannibal reached around the front and gave him an encouraging stroke.

"Yes," he answered simply, taking Will by the hips and turning him so his back was against the shower wall. "This is where I would forever stay, kneeling at your feet. If modern life and my knees would allow for it."

Will felt himself growing even hotter than the steamy water that cascaded down on his shoulders. "What's gotten into you?"

"A certain gratitude that melds with a kind of kindred fear," Hannibal admitted, stroking his thighs, nuzzling the interior side of either leg, kissing intermittently. "Gratitude that we discovered what was wrong with you. Fear that derives from that kind of close call."

Will shivered under his treatment, despite the steamy heat and the power of his blush. "You're living in what-ifs. What if I'd gotten really sick. What if… I, um… if I didn't make it."

Hannibal nodded before drawing his tongue along the crevice on one side of Will's groin, then the other, but not actually touching his cock. "Achilles wished that all Greeks would die so that he and Patroclus could conquer Troy alone," he said. " '...the unblemished thighs I worshiped and the showers of kisses you had from me…'"

At last, Hannibal wrapped his hands around Will's ass and drew his cock into his mouth, beginning his wonderfully methodical work. If Will had made the comparison before of thinking Hannibal was a student of cocksucking, then making the mental leap to professor, department head, well *this* – this proved he should be the motherfucking *president* of Fellatio University.

Will felt his legs quiver and leaned back against the shower wall, one hand splayed out on the expensive tile, the other in Hannibal's hair, pushing the soaked strands back from his forehead. His breathing sounded incredibly loud in the echoey shower and bare, half-remodeled bathroom, and his moan when he came was even louder, reverberating over every hard surface.

His legs tremored in the wake of his climax and Hannibal was on his feet in a half-second, supporting him in a comforting embrace. “Was I correct in my assertion?” he asked softly as Will panted in his arms, leaning his head against Hannibal’s shoulder.

“W-what, uhm…”

“That a shower would improve your situation.”

Will chuckled. “Yeah, you were.” As his breathing settled, he reached between them and felt Hannibal’s firm erection as it pressed against his belly. He slid out of Hannibal’s grasp, trying to kneel, but Hannibal caught his arm and prevented it. “Don’t worry about me, Will.”

“You kidding?” Will scoffed, stroking him again. Hannibal shuddered, closing his eyes for a moment.

“You need to save your strength.”

“And you need to save yourself from this massive hard-on. How are you supposed to, uh, take care of me when all the blood in your body is trapped in your dick, huh?”

It was Hannibal’s turn to laugh, a gentle, benevolent sound.

“If you keep that thing going you’ll just close it in a door or… knock over a lamp or something.” Will said it in between laughter as Hannibal turned him against the shower wall, propping him there, and sliding his cock between Will’s thighs. He began a controlled movement, gentle, so as not to jostle Will unnecessarily, breathing heavily against the back of Will’s wet neck, an arm slung around his chest, his opposite hand splayed out on the shower wall.

“You must know,” he breathed in this intimate space, “you must know how much I love you.”

“I know,” Will vowed, and Hannibal climaxed as the words left his lips.

Warm and cosy back in bed, they dozed for a bit before Hannibal got up and pulled on some casual clothes. “I’ll make you some soup. Chicken, I think, with wolfberries and ginsing.” He leaned back in to kiss Will tenderly on the mouth. “Shall I send in the pack to well you company?”

“… on the bed?” Will couldn’t believe it, and grinned whenHannibal nodded. “Yeah. That sounds great.”

“Don’t let them tire you too much.” Hannibal went to the door and whistled. All seven dogs came trotting in and leapt up on the bed in a storm of wagging tails and wet noses. Hannibal left Will in this hurricane of affection and went to the kitchen to cook.

October 22nd: Bondage

Chapter Summary

Will stole a straitjacket from the BSHCI to play with.

It was Will's first day back at work. Hannibal had his schedule memorized — a morning lecture, at last relieving Alana Bloom of her substitute teaching duties, then a visit to the BSHCI to interview Abel Gideon again in an attempt to tease out if Chilton had really brainwashed him or not. Nobody believed Gideon was the Chesapeake Ripper anymore, not after the way Tobias Budge was killed and displayed so publically, his top half on the opera house stage, bottom half beneath on the entrance platform, intestines stretching between.

After the interview, Will would come straight home, where Hannibal was, he had to admit, anxiously waiting. He had a light supper planned, and a minimum of activity in case Will was overly fatigued. There were fresh flowers on the dining table, a companion bouquet to the one that had been waiting for Will in his lecture hall this morning. The mobile dog grooming van had made a stop at the acreage and all of the dogs were looking their best. And so the family waited for Will to come home.

At last, the Volvo pulled into the garage. Hannibal let the dogs out the front door and they ran to greet their most revered human, though Buster had started favoring Hannibal the way that cats seem to know who is allergic to them and desire their attention most.

Will got out, setting his briefcase and a brown paper sack on the roof of the car before bending down to the dogs' level. It was a bit infuriating to not be the one licking Will's face and neck first, but Hannibal was a patient man. After the greeting, Will left the dogs outside to play in the June sun, and came inside at last.

"How are you?" Will barely got a kiss in before the questions started. "Are you tired? You can go and rest and I'll postpone the meal. Any headaches?" Hannibal grasped Will's warm wrist, unable to restrain himself from taking his pulse.

When he nodded, satisfied it was normal, Will embraced him with a little laugh. "I feel fine," he insisted. "Good, even."

"No fatigue?"

"Just the normal amount after a workday. Hardly that. I'm, uh, glad to be out and about. I'd say a… change of scenery was good but… I *did* miss you hovering over me every second."

"I'll hover over you whenever you'd like, darling."

Will pressed his hips up against the kitchen island and kissed him, then turning his head to nibble along Hannibal's neck just above his shirt collar. "How 'bout right now?"

"Sit down for a moment and let your body catch up with your mind. You might find…"

"My mind just, uh, caught up with my dick," Will told him confidentially. "All systems go."

"Will—"

" *Hannibal* !" His mockery was infuriating. Hannibal grabbed his arms just above the elbow and reversed their positions, pinning Will's backside against the island.

"Your well-being is something we both should take seriously." Hannibal said it even as he leaned his face into Will's neck and pressed into him.

"I feel fine. Great, even, aside from a… *dangerously* high level of horniness."

Hannibal relented, kissing him in earnest now. "The bed, then. But I don't want you to over exert yourself."

"Mmm," Will said through a playful smirk. "I brought you something I want you to wear."

He broke out of Hannibal's hold and picked up the paper bag, headed for the bedroom. Hannibal followed, pleasure pooling in different parts of his body as he let himself be consumed by anticipation.

"Stole it from the BSHCI." Will laid out a straitjacket on the bed. "Fun, right?"

"You'd like to play psychiatrist and patient? At last…" Hannibal took Will's hands and turned him tenderly, drawing his fingers to his sides as though the jacket were already on, and holding him in place.

"Not exactly," Will said, shrugging him off gently even after Hannibal kissed his neck again. "I was thinking more like profiler and Chesapeake Ripper." He picked up the straitjacket, straps dangling, and held it out for Hannibal to slide his arms into.

"A capital idea." Hannibal let Will buckle him tightly into the jacket and sat on the bed while Will took off his socks and shoes.

Will pulled up a chair and put on his glasses like this was a regular psychological interview. "So, Dr. Lecter, did you think you could… *escape* justice forever?"

"I would have turned myself in if I'd known such a handsome agent would be conducting this interview," Hannibal said with a little quirk of his mouth.

"Hey, flattery won't get you anywhere," Will said, clearly trying to stay in character. "Tell me about your last victim, Tobias Budge."

"A killer in his own right," Hannibal said, allowing his voice to be cool and clinical. "His design was interesting, and there was no finer place to buy catgut than the Chordophone

String Shop. A pity. However, he considered himself a master when he was no more than a promising amateur. Given time, he might have had quite the becoming. His hubris ensured his doom. I invited him over to my house for dinner one night. But if you'd like to hear any more of my confession, Agent Graham, you'll have to give me something in return."

"Not gonna make it easier for both of us and just confess?" Will stood to remove his jacket and hang it up on the closet, stepping out of his footwear as well.

"Where's the fun in that?"

"Is this all just a game to you?" Will opened up the armoire and pulled out a newer version of the prostate massager. This one was green and most definitely the previous model's big brother.

"If it is, it's a game Mr. Budge lost."

Will stepped closer to the bed and gripped Hannibal by the collar of the straightjacket. He couldn't seem to repress the naughty smile on his face, but made a good show of giving him a hearty shake. "I have ways of making you talk," he threatened.

"By all means."

"All right, you're asking for it." Will turned him over roughly and pressed his face into the duvet before undressing him from the waist-down in a few careless movements. It was a blessing to be able to smile without Will seeing, though it was well within the Chesapeake Ripper's wheelhouse to smile at a threat from an FBI agent.

Cold lube all along his crevice. Will held him down by the straps on the back of the straitjacket and used his other hand to massage his entrance. Hannibal muffled his appreciative sigh into the bed. In slid the massager, resting comfortably within, the other arm of the device nestled against his perineum.

Will hauled him up and sat him upright on the bed again. Hannibal adjusted his position, and then crossed his bare legs like a gentleman, which made Will smile, though he was so clearly trying not to. "Don't make me press this button," he growled.

"You fail to frighten me, Agent Graham," Hannibal said, raising his chin proudly. "You look more like you belong in a classroom than in an interrogation cell."

"Oh, really?" Will raised the remote and pressed the button. Hannibal inhaled sharply, tossing his head back and closing his eyes, as the toy rumbled deliciously against his most sensitive spot, hitting it from two directions. Just when the sensation deepened, Will shut the vibrations off.

"Perhaps I misjudged you," Hannibal panted, uncrossing his legs to accommodate his stiffening cock. "You are capable, it seems, of deep cruelty."

"I'm capable of a lot more than that," Will promised. "We know you killed Budge and left him all over the opera stage. But what we don't know is why."

“Because I felt like it,” Hannibal said, tossing his hair defiantly out of his eyes.

“Not good enough.” Will deployed the vibrator again, kicking up the speed. Hannibal fell back on the bed, arching his back in pleasure, but Will hauled him up by the straitjacket again, dialing the vibrations back with the remote with the other hand. “Why?”

“Because he was a threat,” Hannibal panted. Somewhere, a switch had flipped, and the truth was coming out. “Initially the killing represented a kind of positioning. And a reckoning.”

“You wanted to be the apex predator?” Will lifted Hannibal’s chin, then gripped his jaw with an unwavering hand. He switched the vibrator back on but at a maddeningly low speed.

“In part.” Why was the truth spilling out of him now? This wasn’t a real interrogation, was it?

Will’s voice was harsh, but his eyes had gone misty, gentle. “And the other part?”

“He’d learned who I was.” Hannibal wanted to bite his own tongue but found the truth slipping between his lips. Will inched up the vibrations as Hannibal spoke. “That put me in a… difficult position. If he… knew me then… he might hurt… someone close to me…”

“Someone close to you…” Will leaned forward on the chair. “Someone you love. You had to protect them.”

Hannibal nodded helplessly.

“That explains the, ah, particular brutality of his death,” Will murmured, cocking his head to the side. “The Ripper usually isn’t one for cruelty for cruelty’s sake. Those whose body parts were removed perimortem were… anesthetized, at least.”

“I was inspired by a particular righteousness,” Hannibal admitted. “We are often influenced by those we care for most.”

“That was your design,” Will said softly.

“Yes–”

“And it was beautiful,” Will said as he flipped the switch again.

Hannibal lost control of his body again and fell back on the bed, the waves of orgasmic pleasure decimating any ego he had left. In the hard-breathing aftermath, he was aware of Will turning him over on his stomach, then using the straitjacket’s straps to haul him up on his knees, shoulder pressed into the bed, head turned to the side. He heard Will’s belt unbuckle. More lube. He could feel the head of Will’s cock teasing at his opening.

“You want it?”

“Yes,” Hannibal admitted, half-gritting his teeth, hair falling over his face.

“If I fuck you,” Will growled from behind him, roughly spreading his cheeks one-handed, “you tell me everything about Cassie Boyle.”

Hannibal tensed, the amorous heat that flooded his entire body icing over for a heart-stopping second. “You’re aware of the role the Chesapeake Ripper played in her death?”

“Once I knew what to look for, it was obvious.” Will slipped a finger in and began the requisite stretching. “The elaborate staging. Field kabuki. Folk horror set dressing. Elevating a… *mundane* creature to a piece of elaborate art. How anybody could have thought it was the Minnesota Shrike is beyond me. But it took me a while – putting, ah… two and two together. The copycat and the Ripper are the same man.”

Will bent and licked a wet line from Hannibal’s hole up between his cheeks to his lower back. “And that man is you, Dr. Lecter. Now, out with it… or I’ll leave you like this.” Will snaked his fingers in again, and Hannibal tried to back up into his hand. He was thwarted by Will’s grip on the straps of the straitjacket.

“I killed her,” Hannibal confessed in a rush of words. “And do you know why?”

Will hummed lovingly, easing his cock in a half-inch at a time, his breath coming harder and faster now. “To show me who the Shrike really was. To capture my imagination. To get my attention… to–” Will cut himself off with a moan as Hannibal backed up against his cock, taking it in its entirety. He couldn’t help but thrust now. “It was your first gift to me,” he breathed in tandem with his motion.

“My love letter to you, Will.”

Will emitted a sharp sigh when Hannibal clamped down on his dick internally as he seized in another climax, causing him to come right on its heels. He slowed his motion, panting, until, at last, he slipped out and fell next to Hannibal on the bed. Hannibal wriggled up to him, arms still bound, and rested his head on Will’s chest.

Will pulled him close and they rested in the charged silence. “I didn’t know you knew about Miss Boyle,” Hannibal said softly after a time.

“I didn’t, nor for sure. Until now,” Will said, tracing his fingers through Hannibal’s hair, brushing it behind his ear. “Once the, um… once the brain inflammation cleared up I just…” He sighed. “The pieces came together.”

“It was a divine experience,” Hannibal told him, “to hear you lecture about me. I felt… seen. You understood me so well. It was both thrilling and terrifying, this uncanny visibility.”

“Hmm.” Will shifted, turning Hannibal on his side so he could free him from the straitjacket. “A love letter, huh? We’d only known each other a couple of weeks.”

“I loved you then,” Hannibal said, sitting up to slide free of his bonds. He pulled Will to him now. His heart's desires felt sublimely simple in his mind and that sacred simplicity was reflected on his admission. “I thought, at first, it was a physical attraction, and an interesting

way to keep tabs on the FBI. I very quickly realized I had miscalculated." He found himself smiling. "Like an event horizon. Once I crossed the threshold, there was no escape."

"I used to have dreams about you," Will said. "When we barely knew each other. When we got together it felt… like fate. I don't believe in destiny but that's just… what it's, uhm… always felt like to me." He paused. Then, "You were made for me, and I was made for you. I don't know who is in charge of the universe, but this — us — is their design."

Then, "I love you."

"And were you pleased with my letter?" Hannibal wanted to know.

Will traced his fingers across Hannibal's cheek. "It's the most beautiful thing you've ever given me," he said.

October 23rd: Cockbulge

Chapter Summary

> Will and Hannibal are on vacation at a secluded fishing cabin.
>
> Scene inspired by that one part in the "Amityville Horror" remake where Ryan Reynolds' character falls into the water wearing white pj pants and the whole theatre gasped when he climbed back out.

Will had only caught four fish since Sunday, and three of them had been too small to eat. They'd feasted on the remaining smallmouth bass last night, prepared by Hannibal, of course. Part of the issue was the time of year; the other was that he wasn't getting out on the water early enough. But why leave the bed in the cabin when Hannibal was in it?

Today was another lazy morning. Will hadn't even bothered to get the boat out, casting his line off of the end of the dock, reclining in one of the Adirondack chairs with a cup of coffee, relaxing in the sun. The cabin they'd rented was on a private lake, and there were no other homes nearby. The closest town was a fifteen minute drive and had a population of no more than a thousand and change.

Will and Hannibal's phones didn't work, and there was no internet. The cabin's landline was easy enough to ignore when someone from the FBI tried to call. Hence, Will went out for the morning fishing in his boxers and tee shirt, feet shoved in a pair of cheap slides.

Heaven. Every second of it, from the lake and the fishing to the starry nights, the sex, even the spats about the best way to pack the car and Hannibal's complaints about the cabin's provided cookware. Will was getting a farmer tan. The only thing that would have improved the experience was if the dogs had been able to come. Alas, flying seven dogs to Minnesota had not been doable, and Will couldn't bear to decide who would get to come with and who had to stay at the doggy daycare.

Will tipped his army-green ball cap half over his eyes and leaned back, watching the sun gleam over the water. A few minutes later, he heard the creaking of the dock's weathered boards. Hannibal appeared with the French press and refilled his coffee before easing himself down on the empty chair beside Will. He was shirtless, wearing only the bottoms of his pale blue pinstripe pajama set. Will ogled an eyeful, being less than discreet.

Hannibal placed his hand over Will's on the chair's arm, raising his mug to his lips with the other. "There was an oxbow lake on the grounds of Lecter Castle," he said. "I would often go there in the mornings. The sunlight had a different quality on the water at that time of day."

"Lake mornings are good mornings," Will agreed lazily.

“I never enjoyed one with company.” Hannibal squeezed his hand affectionately and they shared smiles. Hannibal reached over and drew Will’s dirty old fishing cap from his head and ran a hand through his wild hair. “Crepes, I think, for breakfast.”

“Aww yeah,” Will agreed, leaning back again to drop his hat over his eyes again. “Just holler when it’s ready.”

Hannibal responded by snagging the fishing rod from where it rested loosely in Will’s other hand. Will watched him reel in some line. “Hey, look at you. I’ll make an angler outta you yet.”

“Perhaps,” Hannibal kept reeling.

“Not too much now.” Will paused, brows knitted together. “What—!”

Hannibal reeled in his hook all the way and set the pole aside. “Crepes overcook very easily. I need someone to whip the cream while I make them.” He stood and offered Will a hand.

“I oughta whip your *ass* for messing with my rod,” Will threatened through a mischievous half-grin as he stood. “Interrupting a man’s sacred fishing time just to… what, get help in the *kitchen* ?”

“Keep up that tone, and I will starve you to death,” Hannibal promised. “Better yet, I’ll ensure you’ll eat nothing but *me* , whenever I wish.”

Will responded by planting his feet, shifting his weight, and shoving Hannibal off the dock into the water.

He surfaced gracefully, unable, it seemed, to convey any proper consternation, though he said, “That’s going to cost you, Will.” He swam up to the side of the dock and pulled himself out in a quick movement.

Will’s jaw dropped before he managed to shut his mouth. “Oh f… uh, wh— wow.” The soaked pajama bottoms clung to Hannibal magnificently, showing off every delicious contour, particularly the outline of his junk, which was damn impressive considering he’d just been dumped in a lake.

Dripping water, Hannibal stalked over the squeaky dock boards until he was close enough to touch. Will couldn’t help it; he fell to his knees in pure worship, daring to bring a hand to the wet bulge displayed so prominently before him. “Damn…” he murmured breathlessly. “I shoulda been shoving you in lakes all the time, holy shit…”

“You’re now in the perfect position to apologize,” Hannibal suggested and Will didn’t need to be told twice. He nuzzled the outline of Hannibal’s cock, grasping his hips with appreciative if desperate fingers, then licked and sucked on what he could get to through the thin wet fabric, warming it with his mouth, tongue, and breath. Hannibal inhaled deeply and hummed, knocking off the fishing hat to be able to stroke and pull Will’s hair with his damp fingers as Will pressed his face against the bulge.

“Sorry-not-sorry,” Will murmured, dragging down Hannibal’s pajama pants and flicking his tongue over the head before wrapping his lips around Hannibal’s cock, feeling it grow and grow within his mouth until he had to actively ignore his gag reflex. He massaged Hannibal’s damp thighs as he worked, sucking and licking, ardent, passionate, half-possessed, then stroked his balls from back to front.

Hannibal snarled his hand in Will’s hair when he came and pressed in deeply, a little reminder that Will did owe him an apology. Again, Will thought as he swallowed, tears springing to his eyes as he fought not to gag, *sorry-not-sorry* .

Will tucked Hannibal back into his soaked pants and accepted help getting to his feet. Hannibal pulled him into an embrace. “I’ve always adored your unpredictability, Will.”

Will chuckled. “I know,” he said, feeling Hannibal’s lips brush his neck.

“However, my darling… you’re not the only one who can be unpredictable,” Hannibal told him.

“Wha–”

Hannibal fell backward into the water again, Will still clutched in his arms. They hit with a resounding splash that echoed across the peaceful lake, scaring away all the birds and fish.

“Sorry-not-sorry,” Hannibal said when they breached the surface, laughing.

October 24th: Gore

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal kill together and its HOT.

"Hey, look who's back!" Nichelle greeted them with a wide smile. Will and Hannibal slid into a vinyl booth as she grabbed the coffee pot and headed their way. "How are we this morning?" she asked, flipping over their coffee cups and filling them. Even though the cafe wasn't very busy, Will could tell the server was sincerely glad to see them, feeling her emotional warmth through his mirror neurons, her almost… *relief* that they'd showed up.

"Good morning, Nichelle," Hannibal greeted in return as Will glanced around the small greasy spoon restaurant in the closest town to their cabin. Nichelle was the only server, and the only other employee besides, he assumed, the cooks. A line of three men sat at the counter on stools, eating breakfast, but mostly telling stories and laughing loud, rude guffaws as they chewed with their mouths open. Will immediately clocked them for good ol' boy shitbags, complete with Hooters tee-shirts, Confederate flag patches on their hats and jackets, and "don't tread on me" themed tattoos. No wonder Nichelle was glad to see Hannibal and Will.

"We're back for the cinnamon rolls," Will told her.

"Aren't they amazing? My grandma makes them fresh every morning. Secret family recipe. Anything else?"

"That oughta do it," Will said.

"Hey, can we get some service over here?" One of the men hollered. "This coffee's colder n' a witch's tit!"

"I'll be right back with those cinnamon rolls."

Will watched as Nichelle smiled at him and Hannibal, then visibly braced herself to go deal with her other customers.

Will looked across the booth at Hannibal, righteous rage simmering up from a fissure of pure antipathy that had opened somewhere deep inside him.

He wasn't sure why it was now, why here, why these three particular men. All he knew was that something had activated in his mind. Something pure. And feral.

Hannibal's eyes flicked towards the trio before catching Will's gaze again.

Will set his mouth in a firm line and nodded.

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The shadows were long, but the sun hadn't quite set. In this liminal gloaming, Hannibal stalked closer to the rusty trailer. Peering around the side, he saw the three men from the diner standing around a large campfire, swilling down beers and telling offensive jokes, tossing around slurs that made even the Chesapeake Ripper's reptilian blood boil.

A few minutes passed, and then one of the men wandered away from the pool of warm light emitted by the fire, weaving over to some trees to piss. When he'd finished and turned back toward the fire, Hannibal attacked from behind, dragging the knife just so across his throat. Blood spurted and the man fell to his knees, but the major veins and arteries of the throat remained intact while his vocal cords most certainly did not.

Hannibal held him there on his knees, bleeding, arms locked behind, and made sure he watched what happened next.

They didn't have to wait long. Will materialized out of the woods and stepped into the firelight, dressed simply in dark jeans and a plain tee shirt, unarmed, nonthreatening. Unless you looked at his eyes, which shone luminous in the firelight, emoting pure ruin.

"Hey, man, who the fuck'r you?" one of them slurred.

Will didn't respond. Instead, he bent, and wrenched the firewood ax out of the chopping block. One step, a swing, and the blade was buried in one man's forehead. Will yanked it free of his skull and was showered with blood before the body dropped back, falling into the fire.

The next victim screamed some unintelligible, begging words, backing up until he hit the side of the trailer. Will swung the ax again, and he fell without another sound. His killer stood over him and continued chopping, blood splattering him head to toe, until the skull was an unrecognizable lump of brain and shards of bone.

The man in Hannibal's grip wept soundlessly as he was forced to bear witness to the carnage. Will got up, panting, stained crimson, and approached where they knelt. He stood over them, dripping blood onto the earth below.

"This is my design," he said.

Hannibal placed the blade of his knife against the man's back and inserted it at an upward angle, piercing the heart. The final victim expired and Hannibal dropped him unceremoniously to the dirt.

And it was into this dirt, this churned up earth turned to mud by the enormous puddle of blood, that Will pushed Hannibal on his back and kissed him with a first kill's voracity, smearing him with the still-warm crimson of their victims. Hannibal could taste it all over Will's face and neck, the sharp copper mingling with the mellow musk and amber of his scent. "My clever… vicious boy," Hannibal managed as Will moved his lips down Hannibal's throat, biting intermittently, sucking hard enough to leave marks. He relished

every taste and sensation, caressing Will's thighs through the blood-soaked denim, letting him tear open the utilitarian clothing he'd worn for their hike through the woods to the remote trailer that was now an abattoir.

"It was *so beautiful*," Will gasped through panted breaths.

"You were perfect," Hannibal purred in his ear as Will bent over him again, working his stained hand in to pull out his cock. Without warning, he flipped Will onto his back with a thud and manhandled him in return, pushing up the red-soaked shirt to lick at his nipple before biting a ring around it that left discernible teeth marks. Will arched his back with a moan. It rang through the deserted woods, bouncing from tree to tree, melding with the primordial crackling of the fire.

Hannibal reached over and swiped his hand along the bloody slit in the dead man's neck, gathering a palmful of blood that he spread over Will's cock before fellating him, just to taste it, fresh and hot, the echo of a life deliberately taken, the taste of pure retribution. Hannibal had eaten many fine dinners in countries across the world, had cooked some of the most delectable meals himself, but this – this heady mixture of Will and the blood of their first shared victims was completely and utterly overpowering. Unable to wait, he stroked himself simultaneously as Will writhed and moaned in the bloody soil, sending his passionate cries to the cold, dead stars. Hannibal came in a great rush, spilling onto the ground.

When Will climaxed, Hannibal delighted in consuming both his emission and the blood, licking Will clean as he lay, relaxed now, sweating and satisfied. Hannibal collapsed beside him and they held one another in the fire-strewn dark.

Just as the frogs and insects and night-birds felt the violence bleed away and began to sing and croak again, Hannibal said, "Marry me, Will."

"Yes," came the immediate answer.

October 25th: Mirror Sex

Chapter Summary

Will has a very special evening planned.

Hannibal knew something was going to happen that night. He wasn't sure what, exactly, but it felt continent-shifting, like he was walking on a faultline of his life.

First, it was the Fourth of July, which in and of itself was novel. Will said he'd made a dinner reservation. That seemed benign enough. But then he'd asked Hannibal to choose his clothes for him. That didn't usually happen without some cajoling and possible sexual favors. Hannibal even pushed his luck, dressing Will in a very un-Will navy suit with thin white stripes and one of his own ties, a rich gold with a champagne pocket square. It was a dream to see him decked out in the fine things that he deserved, but it was deeply suspect, especially when Hannibal wore gray herringbone and a subdued indigo tie and received no snarky comment.

Will had somehow acquired a window table at The Galaxy, a luxury restaurant atop a business tower that overlooked the harbor, where the fireworks display would begin as soon as the sun set. He also encouraged Hannibal to order for them. All this, and Will seemed edgy, fidgety… twitchy, even, feeling his pocket every so often. Hannibal wondered if he was carrying a weapon.

Was it all about to come crashing down? Like the day the Soviet state official came to the lodge to deliver the news of his parents' deaths, pulling the rug out from beneath his entire life? Was Will about to have him arrested? Murder him? Had all of this, even the killing they'd done together, been some kind of long con?

Monsters don't deserve happiness, he supposed. Of course it was too good to be true.

Over and over again he had to force away his intrusive thoughts, scolding himself for thinking Will was capable of something so despicably backhanded, so precisely cruel.

You said it yourself he's unpredictable , his mind whispered.

Will encouraged him to explore the menu, talk to the chef if he wanted, find the best wine pairing. The restaurant was busy, tables booked in advance for the holiday, but its subdued atmosphere and romantic lighting made each seating area feel private. Despite his concerns, Hannibal was charmed by Will's nervousness in some ways – it seemed as though he was desperate for everything to be just right.

Just right, perhaps, so that a sniper had the perfect shot? That the wire Will could be wearing would catch him confessing to a crime? That he would be suitably distracted and not realize the SWAT team was about to break down the door?

He scolded himself again and again, fighting against the feeling of impending… something. Will had never given him reason to doubt. Not for a second. The internal warnings were coming directly from his own insecurity.

The sun was setting and they were almost to dessert. The Independence Day fireworks display began, and the restaurant quieted, all interest in food lost as the patrons turned to the windows to watch. Will had managed to get a table with a completely unobstructed view, and as they viewed the show, Will reached over the table to hold his hand. With each burst of color, Hannibal felt the tension between them tick up another notch.

It was the identifiable pause in the fireworks display right before the big finale. Hannibal watched Will drain his wine and take a breath before getting out of his chair. Whatever was going to happen, now was the time.

Hannibal braced himself, keeping his face neutral.

Will stepped around the end of the table to stand in front of him.

And got down on one knee.

From the pocket he kept fidgeting with, Will produced a small black box. Hannibal's mind went completely blank. All he could do was study Will's face, his luminous eyes, the sheen of nervous sweat on his brow.

Will opened the box to reveal a simple gold engagement ring. "Hannibal," he said, voice trembling. "I… had a whole… thing I was gonna say and I can't, uh… I love you. I know we sort of… already did this. But I wanted to, um, the-the… traditional way. And you asked me and now I'm asking you. Officially. To get engaged. To me."

By now the whole restaurant was watching. And Hannibal realized that it all had, in fact, been perfect. And never again would he doubt that this was real, that the inhuman demon he was inside the person suit was, in fact, being given the gift of the trembling man before him on his knee.

Hannibal could only nod, tears streaming down his face, as Will, grinning, held out the ring. While it was plain on the outside, there was an inscription within.

Loving you is my design.

Will slid it onto Hannibal's finger. Then his eyes widened when Hannibal climbed down to kneel in front of him as well. He pulled out the thin Italian leather wallet he carried and opened a little compartment. Within was a silver ring, the image of a stag's head with the antlers wrapping around the band. "This ring has been in my family for generations," Hannibal told him as Will reached out to brush a tear from his cheek with a disbelieving smile. "I've been waiting for the right moment, ever since that night in the woods."

“Great minds think alike,” Will said through a tearful smile as the restaurant burst into applause and the sky outside erupted into a rainbow of explosions. “ *Folie à deux* , huh?”

“I wanted to surprise you,” Hannibal said as he pulled Will to his feet and into an embrace, running the back of his knuckles down Will’s damp cheek. “And you wanted to surprise me.”

“ *Yes* , by the way, if that wasn’t clear,” Will said to the audience as Hannibal slid the stag ring onto his finger.

They kissed to another shower of applause. Out popped Beverly Katz from the restaurant’s kitchen, brandishing what looked suspiciously like the crime scene camera, taking a series of pictures for them.

The rest of the evening was a whirlwind, a carousel of happiness that blurred together like neon signs reflected in rain puddles. They both got a little drunk on all of the bottles of wine and glasses of champagne fellow diners were sending to their table. In the back of the Uber, Hannibal and Will could barely keep their hands to themselves, the driver politely ignoring the blatant groping in the backseat.

Will had one more surprise – a room at a boutique hotel housed in a Gilded Age mansion. Their accommodations were on the top floor, the home’s former ballroom converted into a honeymoon suite complete with heart-shaped bubble tub, a ridiculous red bedspread and sheets, and a whole assortment of mirrors that begged the question: what kind of honeymooners would avail themselves of this particular room that was decked out like an upscale brothel?

“Okay, the pictures online didn’t make it look like a porn set,” Will laughed as they tipsily undressed each other, leaving a path of fallen clothing to the bed.

“The designer clearly had some very specific tastes.” Hannibal’s final word was distorted as he edged a kiss down Will’s throat before breaking away to toss off his trousers. “Perfect for our needs, really.” He yanked impatiently at Will’s shirt, forgetting, momentarily, about the cufflinks, then giving up and sweeping him up to toss him on the bed.

Will grabbed him by the hair to arrest his kissing for a moment. “I packed a few things,” he said, motioning to the black rolling suitcase that was tucked next to the bed waiting for them. “If you want–”

“All I want is you,” Hannibal confessed, spreading his body over Will’s, naked where he was still half-dressed in an open shirt and his boxers and socks. “I adore our games, I – delight in our debauchery and accouterments – but tonight…” he buried his mouth against Will’s for a thrilling series of moments. “Just you, Will, just – this, just us.” He lifted Will’s hand, the one with the ring, to his mouth, visiting it with his lips, each knuckle in turn, his mouth lingering over the antique silver of the ring that had once sat on the hand of his grandfather, the last great Count Lecter.

“Let me see yours again,” Will requested and Hannibal complied, lifting his ringed hand into Will’s view. Will pressed his palm against it and linked their fingers so the rings could rest next to one another.

“Look around,” Hannibal suggested. “You can enjoy it from almost any angle.”

Will laughed, noticing, it seemed, for the first time that there was a mirror directly over the bed, not to mention the ones on the walls and the full-length oval piece in the corner, as well as the sliding closet doors. “Holy shit, you’re right.” He unlinked their hands so he could put both of his palms on Hannibal’s ass, giving it a delicious squeeze. “Looks pretty good right there, too,” he noted, admiring, Hannibal thought, his ringed hand as it cupped a handful of cheek.

“How does mine look… like this?” Hannibal sat back on his heels and pulled Will’s cock out of his underwear, wrapping his palm around it, the ring glinting a dull gold in the light from the lamps they’d left on.

Will tipped his head back with a chuckled half-sigh as Hannibal stroked him. “Perfect,” he breathed. “Never seen anything so beautiful in my whole life.”

“I have,” Hannibal told him, turning so that Will was on top, then patiently removing his cufflinks for him. “I’d like to see it from multiple angles.”

Will climbed off to get rid of his last articles of clothing and open a side pouch on the bag for some lube, tossing it on one of the pillows until it was needed. In the meantime, Hannibal pulled him on the rug in front of the big oval mirror, guiding him to his knees and positioning himself behind. He proceeded to eat Will’s ass until his jaw ached, pressing his tongue inside, sliding it along the perineum and then back up to his tailbone before descending again. Every once and again he stole glances into the mirror to admire the expressions Will was making, the sweet invitation of his open mouth, and the ring on his hand that was splayed out against the carpet. It was just as pleasing to use his left hand to finger Will open, a little clumsier, perhaps, but worth it to watch the symbol of his claiming come closer and closer to Will’s puckered hole as Hannibal worked his middle and ring fingers in with generous applications of lube.

Will’s hand groped at the carpet as he climaxed, the first of many, if Hannibal had anything to do with it, and he witnessed it all in the mirror, every bead of sweat and microexpression, every tumbling curl and tremoring inch of skin.

Hannibal got up and sat on the bed, beckoning Will to him. He lay back and pulled Will close into his arms, shifting his warm body across his own. The view in the mirror above was just right. Will took his cue and sat on his hips before rising enough to pull Hannibal’s hard cock up and slowly lower himself on it, a controlled descent punctuated by hard breathing and Hannibal’s praises that shifted across languages. It was lock and key, and he had trouble keeping still and letting Will do what he wanted. Hannibal focused on their images in the mirror on the ceiling, getting a view of Will riding him from above and below at the same time, counting each beautiful dimple of his spine, marveling at his ringed hand spread across Will’s thigh, then ass, then the small of his back, then gliding up the plane of his chest to rest over his heart, neck, shoulder, against the side of his face, thumb pressing briefly into his mouth.

Will’s legs quaked as he climaxed again, hands-free, folding forward until Hannibal caught him by the ribs and waist respectively and he managed to right himself.

Hannibal let himself thrust now, rolling his hips up into Will, the hand with the ring wrapped around his cock as Will tilted his head forward, eyes closed, panting, doing his best to remain upright.

This. This was all his, and would be his as long as there was blood in his body and air in his lungs, as long as they were color and light and air. Bonded to each other, of course, but publicly so now, in the eyes of society, and, soon, by way of the legal system. They would join in front of God, capricious bastard he was, in front of Lucifer and anyone else who was interested in watching, from Kali to Buddha to all of their ancestors, Graham or Lecter, the living and the dead.

Will Graham, a precious, perfectly unique creature, was his fiancé. They were *engaged* . Will was his intended, pledged to him, promised, committed.

Betrothed. That was the word.

And finding that word summoned his climax even as he tried to hold back, arching into the mattress and moaning Will's name even as Will spilled in his own right, warmth and wet spreading over Hannibal's chest and stomach.

And as they held each other, murmuring their soft affirmations, bestowing kisses, every one of their reflections happily did the same.

October 26th: Leather

Chapter Summary

One of the most heinous crimes the original show ever committed was not letting Will see Hannibal in his Leather Daddy motorcycle getup. This is a fix-it fic so I fuckin' fixed it y'all.

It was a beautiful Friday afternoon, a delicious high pressure system pushing into the Baltimore area after a week of muggy August heat. Will had promised Jimmy two potions of greater healing from Gullivar Hollandaise's inventory during their next D&D session if he would distract Jack long enough for Will to sneak out of Quantico. He must have rolled a 20 on his dex check, because it worked. That, or Jimmy had a critical success on his proverbial charisma roll.

Now he was home, and taking advantage of the weather to check on the pond's aerator and play with the dogs. His arm was sore from throwing tennis ball after frisbee after stick, but it was worth it to see the pack enjoying themselves without having to lay in the shade every few minutes, panting.

He turned toward the driveway when he heard an unfamiliar rumbling noise. Will's eyes widened when someone on a black and shiny silver chrome motorcycle pulled up to the garage, dressed in head-to-toe black leather with a shiny onyx helmet.

Maybe somebody was lost? Maybe the Jehovah's Witnesses were trying to win over more converts by deploying their "cool youth pastors" to show the world that Jesus was edgy…? Or maybe this was another serial killer that'd figured out who the Chesapeake Ripper was and had come to make friends, fuck, or fight.

Will kept his eyes on the stranger as he reached into his pocket and pulled out his multitool, thumbing open the blade.

The man (he was pretty sure it was a man) cut the engine, got off the bike and lifted up the helmet.

His fiance, Dr. Hannibal Fucking Lecter, shook his hair out like he was one of Charlie's Angels, and smiled at Will.

Will swooned. He had never really known what that word meant outside of the dictionary definition, or seeing movies where the delicate heroine falls insensate at some point due to some kind of overstimulation. Now he understood the heart-pounding moment of sharp deafness, of a sensation that felt like it was both inside and outside of his body.

Somehow he was in Hannibal's arms, hands resting on the leather jacket's shoulders, marveling at the texture beneath his palms and fingertips. "Holy shit," he heard himself say, even as the dogs circled the motorcycle, barking excitedly and sniffing at it.

"I'm not clear on what your reaction refers to." Hannibal's smile betrayed how pleased he was, and that he knew exactly what those two little words had meant.

"I'm referring to… this." Will curled his fingers into the jacket's leather again, leaning their hips together. "This… is *doing it* for me."

"Doing what?"

"Shut up, you know what," Will teased before kissing him. Buster got all excited and started howling, unsure, as usual, whether or not they were attacking one another or being affectionate. "What– why– I… you never… never *once* mentioned motorcycles to me."

"But you mentioned them to me," Hannibal reminded him, hands encased in leather gloves now cupping Will's ass.

Will thought back. "What, like… you don't mean…?" he threw his head back and laughed. "Like two weeks ago when I told you about Dylan Donohue, the guy I… had a crush on in the ninth grade?"

"An older man," Hannibal said, "who had a motorbike. Thought I'd try my luck."

"Okay, I love it," Will said, "but people are gonna think you're having a midlife crisis, which makes no sense because you're getting married, not divorced."

Hannibal gripped his chin with the leather glove and kissed him, rough and delicious. "I don't consider the opinions of others. I consider the effect it had on you." He smirked again, brushing Will's hair back. "Rest assured, it's borrowed. We have Dr. Sutcliffe's midlife crisis to thank. He purchased this, having been less than forthcoming about the expenditure with his wife. He asked me to keep it for the weekend until he can find a way to explain."

Will laughed, pressing his forehead against Hannibal's for a moment. "Oh, he is well and truly fucked."

"It certainly doesn't bode well for his relationship with Priscilla, to be sure."

Will stepped back and looked at the bike. "Do you even have a license to…" Will waved his hand over the seat. "Whatever?"

"No," Hannibal said simply. "But I had a bike very similar to this one when I lived in Paris with my Aunt." He fondled one of the handles with a smile. "I didn't realize how much I missed it."

"Did you have, uhm… a get-up like this?" Hannibal tearing through Paris in the 80s in leather on a motorcycle was a thought that could quickly result in Will dropping his pants right here on the driveway.

“A jacket only,” Hannibal admitted. He lifted another black helmet from the back of the bike. “Speaking of which, go put one on. I’ll take you for a ride.”

“What? No no no no.” Will took a step back, holding up his hands. “I’ve never, ah, been on a… I mean, one time a kid gave me a ride home on his moped. That’s it, that’s…”

Hannibal straddled the motorcycle and started the engine, nodding toward the space behind him on the seat.

“Isn’t it – aren’t they kind of, uh…” He was going to say *dangerous,* but had to laugh at himself instead. *He* was dangerous. *They* were dangerous. Dangerous was relative when you’d ax murdered three guys in the woods a few weeks ago.

“Do you trust me, Will?”

“Yeah, you know I do. But what if I… I dunno, lean the wrong way or shift my weight weird or…”

Hannibal handed him the helmet. “You and I,” he said, “are barreling along the road of life at a breakneck speed. One mistake from either of us could bring it all crashing down. This is how we’ve chosen to live our lives every day. I don’t see how a ride on a motorbike is any different.”

WIll opened his mouth to protest, then closed it. “Y’know what? Fuck it.” He stepped into the garage and pulled on an old coat he wore for yard work, zipping it up, and stuffed the helmet on his head. “You have a very talented tongue, Dr. Lecter.”

“So I’ve been told.” Hannibal flipped the visor down as Will slid onto the seat behind him, his heart fluttering against his ribs like a fly trying to beat its way through window glass. He circled his arms tightly around Hannibal’s chest and abdomen as he turned the bike around and started down their long gravel driveway to the private lane that eventually led to a neighborhood. Soon, they’d left the suburbs behind, and were flying down a sparsely populated two-lane highway that cut through some woods.

Will was thrilled. Every sense he possessed was overwhelmed. It was incredible, going this fast without the windshield and capsule-like feeling of a car’s interior blocking him from the outside world. He could feel the push of the wind against his body, blocked as it was by Hannibal. Equally intoxicating was the solid comfort of holding on to Hannibal for safety, trusting his every move, trying to lean as he did and move their bodies in tandem. Even inside the helmet he could smell the woods, the earth, the fresh breeze, all through the sweet afterthought of Hannibal’s cologne.

He hollered in a mix of surprise and elation when Hannibal sped up to pass a slow-moving van. The bike could accelerate at twice the speed of even the Bentley, and he could feel the forces of physics all through his body. The unbridled joy, the closeness to Hannibal, it all coalesced into something lusty and wonderful.

Hannibal pulled over at a scenic overlook park that had a view of the gunpowder river. He parked the bike on a little gravel lane with a trail that led up to a picnic shelter.

Luckily, it was deserted, because the second their helmets were off, Will grabbed him by the jacket and pulled him down into some tall grass, smothering him with his body and his kisses. “If I were to psychoanalyze you… which I’m not…” Hannibal managed breathlessly as Will fumbled with his belt. “I’d say your early infatuation with… the boy you mentioned… may have had a lasting impact on what you find desirable.”

“Yeah,” Will said, pausing mid-suck, holding Hannibal’s cock with one hand, the other wrapped around his leather-clad thigh. “I sort of forgot about it until…” He smiled as Hannibal pushed his head back down.

“Perhaps it’s more about the leather?” Hannibal wondered, breathing hard now as his cock filled out in Will’s mouth.

“Hmmm,” Will responded and Hannibal exhaled sharply at the way the hum vibrated through Will’s tongue and throat.

“Come here,” Hannibal ordered, though it was tenderly said. Will disengaged and let Hannibal take down his jeans, pressing them together, wrapped in his hand, still wearing the leather glove.

“Oh *fuck* ,” Will gasped at the new sensation, powerfully aroused by the sight of the gloved hand wrapped around his dick. He felt like he was liquifying, staring up now at the clouds as they filtered across the pristine sky. Hannibal came, and the warmth of his emission covered Will’s cock, working between the leather and his skin, adding a new layer of sensation that ensured he didn’t last long.

“Shit,” Will breathed as Hannibal lay next to him, both of them half undressed, giving the blue sky above a post-coital show. “Do you have to give Don the bike back?”

“Perhaps not,” Hannibal said, nuzzling against the side of Will’s face and neck. “It might be better for his marriage if we keep it.”

“It would be the, uh, right thing to do. For our friend. Y’know, helping out…” Will trailed off with a chuckle as Hannibal leaned over to kiss him. “On the way back,” he requested, “can you go *faster* ?”

“And if we’re pulled over?” Hannibal asked, putting his dick away.

“I have my badge with me,” Will said. “This is, uh, official FBI business, of course.”

“Of course,” Hannibal repeated, running a hand through Will’s hair to comb out the bits of grass. “You’re so dedicated to your work, my love.”

October 27th: Foodplay

Chapter Summary

> Will's family is coming over for dinner, and he's nervous and agitated. Hannibal tries to lighten the mood by throwing food at him.

Thwunk.

Will looked up from the lemon he was zesting. Something had hit the counter on the island where he was working, but there was nothing to be seen. He glanced over at Hannibal who was still dutifully cutting vegetables, apron on, sleeves rolled up.

Must've been his imagination.

Thunk!

Will looked up just in time to see a piece of carrot ricochet off of the cutting board he was using and fly onto the floor where one of the dogs would find and eat it later. He spun around, but Hannibal was stone-faced, still chopping. Carrots.

"Are you *throwing things* at me?" Will demanded, irritation bleeding into his voice. His dad and Aunt Louise were in town and coming over for dinner, their first visit since Will had moved to the east coast. The meal was part "meet the family" and part apology for the Grahams having to find out about the engagement online.

It'd only ended up in the *New York Times* because Freddie Lounds had written about it on *Tattlecrime* , claiming that Will had lost his profiler's edge and was letting the FBI – as well as murder victims' families – down, due to his "distracting" relationship. Will and Hannibal felt that if their business was going to be online, they might as well publish a professional photo and official announcement. When the issue came out, Aunt Louise had called and bitched Will out for not telling the family first. As if his extended family gave a shit or even approved.

But now Beau Graham and Louise Graham Devereaux were headed into town. Were here already, in fact, had arrived in Baltimore the night before.

"Will," Hannibal scolded through a smile he was trying to hide, "I would never do something so childish."

"What, so, there's a poltergeist now? Like I needed one more thing to deal with."

Hannibal picked up a piece of carrot, hefted it, and nailed Will right between the eyes.

“Are you fucking serious?” Will snapped, tossing the citrus zester on the countertop with a clatter.

“No, but you certainly are,” Hannibal said, the humor draining from his expression. “Much too serious – shouldn’t I be the one suffering the nervous anticipation of meeting your family, not the other way ‘round?”

“We should've just met them at a restaurant,” Will said, picking up the zester again and angrily shaving the lemon’s peel into tiny furious bits. “That way we could just… leave. There’s a clear escape plan, a fixed timeframe. I can hear my aunt now with all her, ah shitty… *backhanded* compliments. For the record, when she says ‘bless your heart’ to anything you say, th-that’s Aunt Louise for ‘I loathe your fucking existence.’”

“I’ll take that into consideration.” Hannibal’s voice was so maddeningly smooth and polite it made Will want to scream. But if he started, he wasn’t sure he could stop.

“The house isn’t even done,” he muttered under his breath, still scraping at the peel. “And she’s gonna say something like, ‘after all your father’s been through’... fuck!” He pierced the underside of the peel and was rewarded with a shot of lemon juice in the face. Luckily he closed his eye in time and wiped it off with his shirt. “And then the church wedding shit, and I bet she brings up the time I skipped my own baptism and went fishing in the same river and they saw me on the opposite bank–”

Thwack! Another piece of carrot bounced off his shoulder. He whipped around to see Hannibal standing there, arms crossed, a few more pieces of chopped vegetable in his hand. “I have more ammunition,” he warned.

“Okay, fine, I’ll shut up now. Dinner will be wonderful, as always, my dad won’t say much, just stare at us with his sad sad eyes, my aunt will… skip right along the line of being just… *completely* offensive and-and develop new ways to be passive aggressive, but, uhm, by all means, I’ll lighten up.”

Will set the massacred lemon peel aside and got the chilled bowl out of the refrigerator to start hand-whipping the cream for dessert, which was to be an almond cake with honey and berry compote. When he turned back to grab the whisk, Hannibal was right there, taking him by the arm with one hand, holding the other up to his face. Will shied away, but not before Hannibal had dotted his cheek with the sweet berry mixture, leaving a long stripe from his ear down to the corner of his mouth before stepping away with a smile.

“Han–!” Will picked up the closest thing he had, which was a peeled lemon, and launched it. He missed terribly, splattering the fruit against the window above the sink.

“Surely your aim is better than that,” Hannibal challenged, picking up a strawberry and hefting it. “Remember what Ms. Katz taught you.”

Before Will could respond, a strawberry hit his shoulder, leaving a red smear behind on his shirt, the one he was planning on wearing that night. “You are un-fucking-believable,” Will growled. But something warm was growing within him, and it was burning away the edginess, the familiar familial shame and pain.

Hannibal approached him, hands up, showing he was unarmed. “It brings me no pleasure to see you agitated like this,” he said. Will softened and went to him, letting himself be pulled into an embrace. Hannibal turned him gently so that he could hold Will from behind, enveloping him in comforting weight. “You could call them. Cancel, if you wish, but I would assume we would merely postpone it to another night.”

“They flew all the way up here,” Will groaned, leaning back into Hannibal. “We should just get it over with.”

“That’s no way to think about dinner. There are so many good things on the menu.” Hannibal dipped his fingers into the warm berry compote again and slipped them down the side of Will’s neck, clearly not caring about the stains that were going to form on the collar. He traced the line with his tongue, licking the swipe of compote away with a slow, deliberate tasting.

Will shivered, feeling his clenched hands open and his rigid shoulders relax. “This as well.” Hannibal lifted the honey dipper from the dish on the counter and tipped Will’s head to the side with one hand in his air, using the other to drop a line of liquid gold on his neck before licking that away as well. “Mmm. I’ve outdone myself.”

Will exhaled a grateful laugh. Turning in Hannibal’s arms, he brought a fingerful of compote to Hannibal’s mouth and hummed his pleasure when he sucked the finger clean.

That was it – they were done for, on the floor within a few seconds, Will on top, then Hannibal, pulling clothes free, Hannibal tying his apron around WIll’s wrists and then fastening the straps to a cabinet handle – not exactly secure, but it was more about the aesthetics than the literal bondage. He sat up on his knees and rifled through the next lower cabinet over and pulled out the expensive cold-pressed olive oil. Will shivered and moaned when he poured a generous handful and rubbed it along Will’s perineum and massaged it into his ass, fingering his entrance open.

Will let out a breathy little laugh. “Extra virgin,” he chuckled. “Yeah, right.”

“You feel just as good as the first time,” Hannibal told him after he’d slipped inside. It was a rudimentary lubricant, for sure, but it was getting the job done – and making a huge mess, but whatever. Hannibal was a little less than gentle, which Will felt he fully deserved, and was more than willing to forgive when Hannibal’s oil-slicked hand closed around his cock, moving in tandem with his thrusting.

Will came first, then closed one of his legs around Han’s backside, telegraphing his desire clearly, panting his praises. “Faster,” he begged. “M-more, yes–”

Hannibal was highly susceptible to Will’s particular brand of simple, to-the-point dirty talk, and he finished as well, sealing it with a series of hard-breathing kisses before flopping on his back. It took him a minute to recover and untie Will from the cabinet door, pulling him into his arms.

“Will?”

Will was more than content to just lay on the kitchen floor (neurodivergent floor time was one of his favorites) for the rest of the night, but he managed a, "Mmm-hmm…?"

"We need to finish the meal. And make ourselves presentable."

Will groaned. Didn't move, just stroked his fingers through Hannibal's silver-threaded chest hair.

"Will?"

Will sighed. "What is it, sugar bear?"

"For better or worse, your family is my family now. Even more so since I no longer have living relatives of my own. Still, ours is an unconventional relationship at an unconventional time in our lives. I don't expect our guests to behave perfectly, and I understand your reluctance. But please trust that we'll get through this."

Will took a deep breath, then sat up only to bend over his fiancé and kiss him. "Okay. Yes. I trust you."

"Besides, if your aunt is poorly behaved enough, we'll just eat her instead of the pork roast."

"Not funny!" Will accused, but it actually was. About as funny as him trying to get up and sliding along the kitchen floor because of all the olive oil on his ass.

Dinner was delayed due to showering, changing clothes, and mopping the kitchen floor. It worked out perfectly because when Louise and Beau arrived, Hannibal conscripted Louise to help him in the kitchen which left Will time to show his dad around the property, introduce him to the dogs, and visit the pond.

"You done a lot of things in your life that I never did," Beau said quietly as they walked back to the house. "Sure, things like college n' degrees, writing articles n' catching killers. But the biggest n' the best, Billy, is finding someone who loves you n' is gonna stay through thick and thin. You think you found that?"

"I found it," Will said immediately without hesitation. "Took me awhile, but, ah… yeah."

"Then that's what I'm proudest of you for." Beau didn't look directly at Will when he said it. Will could feel the discomfort at discussing his emotions, but he also sensed the truth behind the words. In response, he just hugged his dad, tight, like he was a little kid again, and that was all they needed to say to one another to lift a great weight that had accumulated over many years between them.

When they returned, Louise was completely under Hannibal's spell, charmed like he'd cast a level-5 version of the incantation on her and she'd critically failed her spell save. She was even willing to share her potato salad recipe with him which Will thought she'd take to her grave. There was no greater honor.

They started talking about making Christmas plans. Will couldn't believe it. Everything went as well as it could, and he was almost sorry to see the evening end.

As they were clearing up, he picked up a discarded strawberry and tossed it at Hannibal. Hannibal responded by fireman-carrying him into the bedroom and pretending to complain about the upcoming dry cleaning bills.

October 28th: TENTACLES

Chapter Summary

Hannibal makes friends with a sea goddess who is mad at Will for overfishing.

Will stretched out on his beach towel, enjoying the warm soaking of sun as it poured over his mostly-bare body. The ocean waves gently kissed the beach, and their dull roar was the only sound aside from the occasional call of a sea bird. Perfectly relaxing. He felt like he was asleep yet conscious in a state of utter peace.

At the sound of a little splash, he sat up on his elbows to enjoy the new addition to the lovely vista — Hannibal surfacing and walking up through the surf until he was on the powdery white sand. Teeny tiny little swim trunks that left just enough to the imagination gave Will the perfect view of his damp thighs and the outline of his bulge.

Hannibal approached and picked up the towel from the back of the lounge chair a few feet away beneath an umbrella, ruffling his hair with it before making himself comfortable on the cushions.

“Good swim, sugar?”

“Excellent,” Hannibal confirmed. “I made a new friend. Her name is Tiamat.”

“Really?” Will sat up and looked around. The beach seemed to be deserted for miles. “Where is she?”

“She’d like to meet you,” Hannibal said, lifting a glass of chilled rosé to his lips.

“Sure, but…” Will’s caught some movement out in the calm, sapphire waters of the bay in front of them. A large dark shape was gliding under the water, coming closer and closer. He did a double take and then stopped to stare at it, his words drying up on his lips. “What the hell is that?” he muttered, half to himself. Whatever it was, it was *big* . And it was moving toward the shore.

Several smaller shapes were branching from the massive shadow in the water and speeding up beneath the waves toward the beach. Will watched, transfixed, as a snake – eel? – nope, that was a… tentacle…? breached the surface and slid up the wet sand towards where he sat on his towel. “Holy shit–”

Will scooted back as if to get up and out of the way, but Hannibal’s voice stopped him. “Will, this is Tiamat. Please don’t be rude.”

“Uh…” Will leaned back on his hands. It took some effort, but he remained seated. “H-hi there. Nice to… uhm… meet you?”

“Tiamat is a Mesopotamian deity, the primordial Goddess of the Sea,” Hannibal explained, like this was just a normal introduction, like he’d just said *Pamela is a podiatrist and worked with me at Johns Hopkins*. “She wants me to apologize on her behalf – she’s unable to show her entire form to you, as laying your mortal eyes on her eldritch visage would drive you mad instantly.”

“... that’s okay. N-no, uhm… no offense taken,” Will said, heart vaulting up into his throat, breaths coming short as more tentacles emerged from the water and crept up the beach. They were a soft gray-green, dotted with intermittent fish-like scales of luminous brown, shimmering like tawny tiger’s eye stone. Some were as girthy as his calf; others were more fire-hose sized, others still in the wrapping paper tube range, each tapering down into a fleshy nub.

“She does, however, wish to speak to you regarding the significant number of her subjects that you’ve caught and eaten over the years,” Hannibal went on after another sip of wine. “Fish after fish after fish, to the point where it can’t be much of a challenge anymore.”

“I-I’m sorry,” Will apologized immediately, eyeing the tentacles that were crawling closer and closer to him on the sand. “I didn’t mean to-to be, uh, too good at fishing, I really– wasn’t, um, aware. That I was upsetting… you. Specifically— Hannibal?”

“Yes, darling?”

“What–” Will lifted his foot out of the way of a tentacle that slithered close enough to touch.

“Don’t be rude, Will.”

Will lowered his leg back down and the tentacle touched his ankle. Will jumped but tried to remain still. He expected the tentacle to be rubbery or feel like a fish or a marine mammal, but it was something wholly different — cold, yes, but smooth. A powerful stretch of pure muscle encased in a layer of thin silk that felt… sort of nice against his sun-warmed skin. “Um…” Will stuttered, goosebumps breaking out all over his body despite the warm day. “Again… really sorry—“

Will held out his hand as if to… he didn’t fucking know, shake hands maybe? Another tentacle answered the unspoken gesture, sliding up next to him and pressing itself against his palm. Will closed his fingers and did a kind of handshake. “C-can I make it up to y-you, m-miss… uhm, shit — *ma’am* , Ms. Tiamat…?”

“She says you certainly can. That’s why she’s here.” Hannibal lounged back and sipped his drink again, looking perfectly comfortable with a good vantage point for whatever was about to happen next.

Will let go of the tentacle he had pressed in a handshake, but instead of pulling back, it darted forward and wrapped itself around his wrist. Will started and tried to pull his arm away, but

the harder he tugged, the more the thick, muscled appendage constricted, wrapping itself higher and higher up his arm.

“Uhhh… Hannibal?!”

“I’ll say it one final time, Will — don’t be rude to our visitor.” Hannibal set down his wine and picked up a strawberry, biting into it as he watched.

“Wait—“ Will’s request was ignored and the tentacle that had been resting on his ankle wound itself around his leg, squeezing harder and harder the more he struggled. More tentacles writhed up onto the beach and a series of deep, reverberating whale-like sounds rolled up from the waves, singing an eerie, minor-key hymn. One tentacle caught his free leg and held it fast. Another slid around his unhindered arm and pulled his hand away from where he was trying to free himself. He struggled for a few moments before freezing in terror, breathing hard, looking at Hannibal with pleading eyes.

Hannibal did nothing, just ate a grape this time.

“This can’t be happening,” Will whispered even as more tentacles breached the surface. These were different — a rich emerald green, with paler circles near the ends that reminded him of octopus suckers, but smaller. Other tentacles had little bumps like starfish arms. One of the emerald tentacles crept up his leg, moving with a serpentine tenderness along his inner thigh, sliding over his swim trunks to his bare chest. It secreted a kind of slime, leaving a trail behind, glistening on Will’s skin.

He recoiled from it but was unable to get away as it moved up past his collarbone and rounded the curve of his jaw, seeming to caress the side of his face. “Is she gonna eat me?” he called over to Hannibal, who was now giving the spectacle his full attention, eyes hungry in his own right.

“Not as such,” was the answer.

The slime the tentacle left behind didn’t feel like it was doing dangerous anything to Will’s skin; it was cold and slick, but its texture was actually soothing, like an aloe gel on a sunburn. It plopped off the side of his face and ran in thick globs down his neck.

“Hanimphh!” Will’s word was stifled when the tentacle tried to push its way into his mouth. He jerked his chin away, only to have one of the larger tentacles circle his neck, giving it an authoritative squeeze. Will fought with all of his limbs, but the constriction was too much. He opened his mouth and admitted the tentacle. It pressed along his tongue, dancing against it, exploring the sides of his mouth. He expected the slime to disgust him, but again, it wasn’t unpleasant. It tasted a little briny, but fresh, like the freshest oyster or sushi grade fish.

Another tentacle circled his forehead and tipped his head back, forcing him to look at the sky. The tentacle in his mouth moved steadily down his throat and he choked, eyes tearing up. It wiggled and undulated for a few moments as if enjoying the warm interior of Will’s neck before slowly sliding out to play with his tongue. It settled against his lower lip as he panted, one of the suckers activating, attaching itself for a long moment before it slithered back down

along his chest, spreading another, thicker layer of the mysterious slime. Will shivered as it flowed over his skin, dripping down either side of his ribs and onto the towel beneath.

The tentacle draped itself across his chest in a kind of question mark shape, slime still oozing from it in thick waves, covering both of his pectoral muscles. His forehead was released and the tentacle around his neck gave him some slack so he could bend just enough to see what was going on. Then the suckers attached, one on either nipple, directly over their target. The simultaneous stimulation made them harden immediately and he was both terrified and turned on, and then terrified that he was turned on, and by the way, WHAT THE FUCK WAS HAPPENING?!

“Relax, Will. Let yourself enjoy it,” Hannibal suggested before another sip of wine. “I certainly am.”

“...really?” Will breathed the question, trying not to move lest the sea goddess get angry. “W-whoa, okay, holy shit…” He tipped his head back with a breathless gasp as another tentacle slid over his cock through the synthetic fabric of his swimwear. It was joined by another that curled around the hem of the garment, deploying the suckers, and folded down the waistband. Will struggled vainly for a moment, almost as an afterthought, as the tentacles stripped him bare.

He shivered at the cool touch of those same tentacles that had flung away his shorts and were now making their way up his thighs, leaving trails of opalescent moisture behind that almost had a rainbow sheen in the sun. “I’m not sure how this is me, um, apologizing–” he said in a tumbling rush as the tentacles got closer and closer to his exposed cock.

“Shh,” Hannibal warned, raising the sweating wine glass to his lips again.

The two tentacles explored with smooth, gentle motions, the others pulling his legs a little further apart. Will didn’t try to fight it, but he did watch with round, anxious eyes as the sea goddess touched him, caressing his inner thighs. He jumped as the cool, slimy appendage curled itself around his cock, praying it wasn’t about to squeeze the life out of his manhood. To his relief, it just rested there, providing a tender pressure, but he jumped again with a strangled little noise as another tentacle probed behind his balls, pressing against his perineum, undulating wetly, spreading its thickness into his crevice. The tip of the tentacle pressed firmly against his hole for a moment before sliding past, drawing a slimy line up to where his crack ended and his lower back began.

Just when Will thought it was moving on, the tentacle returned to his entrance and bumped up against it as if knocking at the (back) door. Meanwhile, the one around his cock started to move in a serpentine coiling motion, secreting the slime, soaking his entire anatomy from dick to balls to hole and everything in between. He shivered again as the ooze dripped down between his thighs in gel-like torrents, his heart thudding so hard he had no doubt that the tentacle sucking on his nipples could feel it.

“Will,” Hannibal coaxed, leaning over on the lounge. “Open up.”

As if Tiamat had heard him, the tentacle pressed against his hole again, a little more forcefully, as if impatient. Yet another tentacle slithered up to the side of his neck, finding the

place where he liked Hannibal to kiss him, just before his throat sloped into his shoulder. The tentacle caressed the spot, leaving another thick slime trail that gathered in the hollow of his neck, then attached the suckers to the tender spot, no doubt leaving deep hickeys all along the side of his neck and shoulder.

Will couldn't stop his moan this time, as fucking crazy as this whole thing was – it felt good – *so good.* He involuntarily relaxed his ass, and suddenly he was being probed by the self-lubricated tentacle. It pushed past the first ring, then the second, all rippling muscle, so unlike a finger, or even a cock, moving up him with an exploratory surety, filling him so deeply but without any sort of stretching or ache. And then it quivered, the end feeling around with little undulations until it brushed his p-spot. Will gasped as it began to move and writhe and twist, the slime leaking out around the tentacle and soaking his towel, his cheeks, inner thighs, the backs of his legs.

"Oh God," he moaned, then added, "-dess…"

The tentacle around his cock moved again in tandem with the one filling his ass and the others sucking on various parts of his body. Yet another teased its way back into his mouth as he opened it to moan again. The multitude of sensations completely eradicated the unreality of the situation, the primordial terror, the questions. He just lay back and let it all happen, let the pleasure flow over him, through him.

If this was his punishment for overfishing, you better fucking believe he was gonna fish the ocean empty.

He felt like he was having several long, beautiful orgasms at the same time, one after the other after the other…

"Will?"

He managed to glance Hannibal's direction, but Hannibal didn't look like he had spoken, calmly enjoying the sight of his betrothed getting fucked by an elderitch nightmare being.

"Will?"

Where was that voice coming from?

…

Will opened his eyes.

He was laying naked on the living room floor, his clothes strewn around in piles. Hannibal was holding him in his lap, stroking his hair.

"What the fuck…" he muttered, eyes darting around the room. For a second he was back on the beach, but then it slowly faded from his vision. He looked up at Hannibal as he brushed a sweaty curl across Will's forehead. "W-what's going on? Oh shit." Looking down, he realized he was sporting a massive hard on.

"Did you happen to drink the tea in the refrigerator? I had it in a quart jar with a lid?"

“Yeah…?” Will rubbed his forehead. “Yeah, I did – I came back in from mowing the lawn and I was thirsty. It – uhm, sorry, but it tasted like shit, even with sugar.”

Hannibal chuckled and shook his head. “Will, darling, that was psilocybin tea. I brewed it for a patient that is undergoing psychedelic therapy to unlock a childhood trauma.” He seemed unable to suppress a smile.

“Wait, like magic mushrooms?”

Hannibal nodded. “I should have labeled it,” he admitted.

Will rubbed his face with a rueful laugh. “Oh shit, I was, uh… wow, I was, uhm… tripping *balls* .”

“Must have been an interesting trip.” Hannibal reached down and palmed Will’s painfully hard erection. “Would you like some assistance?”

“Please,” Will begged, the word dissolving into a grateful little sigh as Hannibal began to move his hand.

“What did you see?” Always the clinician’s curiosity.

“You,” Will said as Hannibal leaned down to kiss him. “... and a sea monster. It was… kinda *great* . Can I drink some more?”

October 29th: Mind Control

Chapter Summary

Hannibal hypnotizes Will to stop biting his fingernails... among other things.

It was a gloomy September day, the rain pattering gently on the roof of the now completely renovated ranch home at the acreage. Some of the dogs were downstairs, but Buster had taken his favorite place on Hannibal's lap (with a blanket down first to protect his clothing) on the sofa. Will was laying with his head on a pillow next to the dog, feet propped up on the other arm of the couch. He was flipping through contacts on his phone while Hannibal was swiping along on the iPad.

"The opera house," Hannibal suggested. "The reception could be in the lobby."

"Yeah…" Will said dismissively, trying to imagine the lobby decorated, full of caterers and guests dressed to the nines, tons of Hannibal's friends from the arts council and Johns Hopkins and a little huddle of Will's friends from D&D and his dad and Aunt Louise. He could feel their discomfort even in his imagination. "Kinda… big?"

"You'd like a more intimate venue?"

"I… don't know."

Buster huffed a little dog sigh that seemed to express what Hannibal was feeling, too.

"Will. You're doing it again."

Will removed his finger from his mouth. "Sorry," he apologized quickly. He'd been biting his nails lately, something he hadn't done since he was a beat cop in New Orleans.

"How do you feel about the Five Seasons?" Hannibal passed him the iPad again, showing pictures of the luxury restaurant's private party space decked out in flowers and fairy lights. "Smaller. I might allow them to cater."

"Maybe…" Will handed the iPad back and opened up the notes app on his phone, adding "Jack and Bella Crawford" to the guest list.

"Will."

"Huh."

"Your finger."

“Shit!” Will pulled his finger out from between his lips. “I don’t know why I’m doing this again. I haven’t for… y-years.” He sighed, closing the app on his phone. “I know it drives you crazy.”

“I understand that it is likely a response to stress, though I’m having a harder time identifying the cause.” Hannibal paused. Will could feel him petting Buster, who made one of his signature little dog snorts that signaled contentment. “Selfishly, I worry that it might inhibit your ability and desire to finger me.”

Will laughed, looking wanly at his ragged nails. “Desire, never, but I will need to cut them straight before I go, uh… *spelunking* .” He sat up and petted Buster as well, scratching his ears. “It’s… unconscious. I don’t know why I’m doing it and I don’t even realize I’m doing it.”

“I have a solution.” Hannibal set the iPad down. “Hypnosis.”

Will laughed again, then stopped when he realized from Hannibal’s expression that he was being serious. “ *You are getting very sleepy,* ” he said in a Vincent Price voice. “That kinda thing?”

“Not exactly,” Hannibal said. “But it may be worth a try. Some people are very suggestible while others are resistant to hypnosis. I’ve used it on patients before to help them let go of bad habits or thought patterns and replace them with more constructive ones.”

Will shrugged. “I mean, I can get that stuff you put on your nails that tastes bad.”

“And if I feel like putting your fingers in my mouth?”

Will chuckled, heat flooding his face at the thought. “Well, you can try hypnotizing me, but I’m pretty sure it won’t work. I have psychology degrees too. I’ll, uh… know what you’re up to, Dr. Lecter.”

“Do you want it to work, or do you want me to try and fail to show me your ability to resist?”

Will groaned. “I want it to work,” he admitted. “I just don’t like therapy. And you’re my partner, not my therapist.”

“Would you prefer a referral?”

“Let’s just try it,” Will sighed.

Hannibal set aside the iPad and shooed Buster away, removing the furry blanket and draping it over a nearby chair. He tilted his body to draw Will’s back against his chest, arms settling around him. Will leaned back, resting his hands on Hannibal’s thigh and the back of the couch, respectively.

“Close your eyes.”

This is so stupid. This is like post-prom all over again, his brain said, but he wisely kept his mouth shut and followed Hannibal’s direction. Hannibal led him through a brief progressive

muscle relaxation, and Will did his best to let himself breathe and completely relax into Hannibal's arms.

"Now that you're relaxed, I want you to step into the foyer of your memory palace."

Will found himself mentally in the cheap hotel room where he and Hannibal had had sex for the first time, when Hannibal had proven he was interesting by eating Will's ass until he almost expired from the pleasure of it. This mental version of himself settled on the bed and relaxed back in a feeling of complete peace.

Hannibal's voice came to him: "Why are you under stress, Will?"

"The wedding." The words came to him unbidden, without thought, and they rang with truth. "I don't want my dad or my friends to feel intimidated or like they don't belong. But you love planning these, Uhm… HUGE events and I want you to be happy."

"I see. Thank you for telling me. Is that why you've been biting your fingernails?"

"Yes."

He looked at the dark screen of the hotel TV, seeing a distorted reflection of himself, as well as a Hannibal-shaped creature in a suit with an enormous rack of antlers.

"The next time you want to bite your fingernails," Hannibal's voice said, "I want you to find comfort in a form of positive physical stimulation. You will use me for this purpose. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Will confirmed.

"Now, Will, I want you to…"

The world became hazy and blurred like his vision had gone watercolor. He could still hear Hannibal whispering to him, could smell him and feel his arms around him.

There was a soft sound of a finger snap, and his eyes shot open. He was back on the couch in their renovated living room, looking at the painting of a ship that hung over their renovated mantle. Hannibal was still holding him, arms a loose, comforting weight.

"I told you it wouldn't work," he grumbled.

"Didn't it?" Hannibal asked.

Will glanced at the windows. The rain had stopped, and the sky was stained with a liquid sunset. He checked his watch. Over an hour had passed. "Uhm… what exactly did you do?"

"We'll put it to the test tomorrow."

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“Here is where many of our couples choose to cut the cake.” The manager of the Five Seasons showed them over to a bank of windows that overlooked the city’s glittering skyline. “It makes for some really nice pictures. How many guests are you anticipating?”

“Around 200,” Hannibal said.

Will winced. And 190 of them would be people he didn’t know or had barely met. Doctors, psychologists, musicians, arts council, city council, celebrity chefs…

Before Will realized what he was doing, he had pressed himself up against Hannibal’s side, sliding a hand around his waist. Hannibal copied the motion, tucking Will’s shoulder beneath. Will’s hand, with a mind of its own, it seemed, drifted over Hannibal’s ass and squeezed it. Will jumped, startled at his own actions. He was not one for PDA and he didn’t even know this manager lady, what the fuck…?

But the more she talked about place settings and catering and the different meals they could offer, about the wine corking fees and the number of bottles of champagne, the worse it became — this bone deep instinct to be as close to Hannibal as possible — to touch and be touched, soothed, cherished.

It was getting to be unbearable. He was just about to tell the lady that they had to leave like… right fucking now when Hannibal said, “Could we see the honeymoon suite?”

It was huge, of course, but a lot more modern and classy than the one they’d stayed in the night of the engagement. If Will was being honest, he missed the mirrors. Hannibal murmured some polite things, then asked, “My fiance and I have some things to discuss – could we meet you in the lobby in a few minutes?”

“Sure, take your time. I’ll be at reception.”

As soon as she was gone, Will was in Hannibal’s arms, face pressed into his neck, inhaling his scent. The agitation eased and he felt entirely safe. Hannibal ran his hand through Will’s hair and sat him down on the California king bed. Will immediately curled up against him on the pillows.

“You don’t like the venue,” Hannibal said.

“No, it’s – nice. I’m, um… I’m sure it’ll be fine.”

“Will – this is *our* wedding, not my wedding.”

Will raised one of his hands and looked at it. “Huh, I didn’t bite my nails this time.”

Hannibal pulled him close again. “No, you didn’t. Suffice to say we won’t be using this venue. I have another in mind that I think you’ll like, but you have to tell me, Will. You have to be honest.”

Will sighed and turned on the pillow, folding his arm under and resting his fist under his chin. Hannibal immediately pressed into his back, lips brushing the base of his hairline. “I’m – I

mean, I hope – this is gonna be your one and only wedding you get to plan and I don't want to… I want you to just – have what you want. Go wild. Do your thing."

"I *have* what I want." Hannibal's hand slid down to his waist, over his stomach, before playing with his belt.

"So do I," Will countered. "And I don't want to lose it because I'm, uh, insecure about anything." He hummed a sound of assent as Hannibal opened his pants and reached in to cup him reassuringly, rubbing him through his underwear.

"Are you insecure about yourself, or concerned about your side of the aisle?"

"Both," Will admitted, sighing again. Somehow it was okay to talk about this as long as he was in close physical contact with Hannibal – it provided some kind of protection he couldn't explain. He kept his stream of consciousness, opening up even as Hannibal pushed his clothes down just enough to free his cock and provide access to Will's thighs, where he could press his own length. It was rudimentary but somehow perfect, calming, being held so close, the tender little hand movements and gentle thrusts. "I want an even playing field. I want… just... a good time. Socializing isn't something that comes naturally to me… and I want my dad and my friends to feel like they're… supposed to be there. I want them to stay. Not just – stop in and then flee at the sight of 190… Mrs. Komedas judging them for what they wore or the fact that my dad's gonna want to drink Busch Light the whole night… mmm… that feels so *good* –"

"The truth, or the sexual pleasure?" Hannibal breathed into his ear from behind.

"Both."

"Will, I swear to you, every guest invited will feel just that – invited. You know your side of the aisle far better than I; you must advocate for them. I'm not a mind-reader."

"Just a… really good hypnotist," Will said, then climaxed, squeezing the pillow beneath his head, breathing deeply. Hannibal wasn't far behind, still thrusting gently but enjoying the friction of Will's thighs aided by some of his emission.

Hannibal got up first and brought him a hotel washcloth. "What are we gonna tell her about the bedspread?" Will asked, pulling up his pants.

"Certainly it's not the first time someone's ejaculated on it," Hannibal reasoned. "Considering which room it is."

Will laughed, kissed him, then held up his non-bitten fingers. "Did I hear somebody wants to get fingered when we get home?"

"That sounds delightful," Hannibal held the door for him as they left.

Day 30: The Monster Mash (part 1)

Chapter Summary

This is the two part MEGA FINALE of this season of DB's Kinktober. Will and Hannibal are invited to Zeller's Halloween party.

Will could hear the stupid “Monster Mash” song blaring from inside Zeller’s house before the door even opened. Zeller was dressed as a hotdog in a giant foam costume, just a little cutout for his face. He looked Will up and down, then reached out with his hand that wasn’t holding a PBR and turned Will slightly to the side. “What the fuck are you supposed to be?”

“I’m a bat,” Will said, reaching back and pulling up the hood of his black hoodie where he’d glued some felt triangles that looked like ears. He’d even gone through the bother to wear black pants and shoes. How was it not obvious? “Did the, uh, wings not tip you off?”

“I dunno, they kinda look like dragon wings to me.”

“Not everything is D&D, asshole,” Will said through a snarky smile as Zeller let him in.

“Tell that to Maeve and Franklyn.” The couple in question were snuggling on the couch, clearly dressed as their characters – a cleric of Poseidon with a blue and green tunic and massive foam pauldrons and a gold trident, and a she-elf with long white hair wearing an assassin’s cloak, armed with little fake daggers.

“Well met, Mister Hollandaise!” Franklyn hollered in character from across the room as Will stepped in carrying the requisite case of beer and bag of Reese’s pumpkins. “Or what do you call yourself, sir black dragon?”

“I’m a bat,” Will insisted. “What the fuck, you guys.”

The house was in full-on party mode – some of Zeller’s neighbors were there, having dumped off their kids, and they were ready to cut loose, as were Eddie Price’s gaggle of crazy friends he’d brought. The party extended out to the fenced-in back yard, where people were playing cornhole.

“Where’s your way-better half?” Beverly Katz appeared in the kitchen as Will was putting the beer he’d brought in the kiddie pool full of ice. She was dressed as Medusa, complete with toga and a headband full of bouncy foam snakes.

“I don’t know if he’s gonna make it,” Will said, stepping out of the way as a Daphne and Velma scooted past to get to the counter where Zeller had a “cauldron” of “witches brew” that was probably just Mt. Dew and vodka or something equally horrendous. “He’s on his way home from a conference. Not really his, uh, scene anyway.”

“Bummer, I was looking forward to seeing him in a costume,” she said, clearly eyeing the Daphne as she bent over to serve herself some green punch.

Will snorted. “Yeah, right – even if he shows up, he’ll just be wearing his usual suit, and, ah, say he’s some famous psychologist or composer or something.” They’d talked about Hannibal showing up in his usual attire with a name tag that said “GOD,” but the other part of that plan was Will dressing up as Joan of Arc, which he’d refused to do.

With as crowded as it was, and the “we’re adults trying to party like we’re in college again” vibe, Will surprised himself by having a pretty good time. Zeller’s insistence on doing some Frankenstein shots (blackberry schnapps, melon liqueur, and pineapple juice) ensured he was in a festive mood, despite the fact that nobody appreciated his bat costume.

Eddie Price was in drag as Queen Elizabeth (reader’s note – this is 2014 so she was still alive – this is a reference to Scott Thompson), complete with plush corgi, which Will insisted on cuddling for a minute. Jimmy was a bumblebee, and Chilton and Alana showed up as Gomez and Morticia Addams, Chilton wearing one of his usual suits with a fake hand attached to his shoulder. Alana had clearly roped him into it and was much more invested in the look. Even Jack and Bella Crawford made an appearance a little later, in wonderfully detailed Frankenstein’s Monster and Bride of Frankenstein costumes. They couldn’t stay long, as Bella was still recovering from the lung transplant she’d had a few months back, but was recovering well from; she looked ghoulishly good and seemed to be having fun.

While many of the guests were out back, Beverly gathered Zeller, Jimmy, Eddie, Franklyn, Maeve, and Will around the coffee table in the living room. Scattering beer cans and spilled popcorn with a sweep of her arm, Bev pulled what looked like a board game out of her tote bag and opened it up. With a flourish, she laid out an ouija board and planchette.

“No. No way,” Jimmy the bee said, clutching Eddie’s plush corgi to his black and yellow bosom. “Bev, are you trying to get cursed?”

“Sometimes demons pretend to be the kindly spirits of the dead,” Queen Eddie growled in a dark and spooky voice. “You think you’re talking to your dead meemaw and BOOM! You’re possessed.” He jabbed Jimmy in the ribs and Jimmy yelped, then slapped the wig off of Eddie’s painted face.

“You guys, come on!” Bev begged as Eddie put his hair back on with a *We are NOT amused!* “I’ve had this thing sitting in my closet since middle school sleepovers. It’ll be fun!”

“My mom says they’re Satanic,” Franklyn said, edging back from the table.

“Your mom said D&D was Satanic, too,” Will challenged, cracking open another beer and pulling his bat hood up on his head again. “Let’s do it. Contact, uh, the spirit of the people they found floating behind that beaver dam, the ones sprayed with that, ah… preservative agent. Ask them who killed them.”

“Frankie… this is kind of spooky,” Maeve said, clinging to Franklyn’s arm.

“Stop being a bunch of *bitch babies* !” Zeller slurred before pounding back another green jello shot decorated with a gummy eyeball. “Let’s fuckin’ *gooooo* !”

“I’ll have you know this is how just about every horror movie starts out,” Jimmy said as Will, Eddie, Zeller, and Bev put their fingers on the planchette.

“You’ve never seen a horror movie in your life,” Eddie shot back.

“I saw *Ghostbusters,* ” his twin argued.

“Yeah, and you didn’t sleep for a week!”

Zeller snorted. “How old were you?”

“It was two years ago!” Eddie revealed as Zeller and Will busted up laughing.

“More like five,” Jimmy insisted.

“Ssshh, shut up, you guys, let’s do this!” Bev ordered, and everyone dutifully shut their traps. They could hear the party going on out back, but the interior of the house was relatively quiet, occasionally interrupted by the ambient haunted house sound effects Zeller had piping through every room. Will grinned at Bev who returned his devilish smile.

They slid the planchette in a slow circle. Bev closed her eyes and tilted her head back. “Spirits, we call you,” she said in a soft, eerie voice. “Is there someone who wishes to make contact?”

Slowly, the planchette slid to YES.

“Spirit, may we ask you questions?” Beverly wanted to know.

Again, the planchette indicated YES.

“How big is Zeller’s dick?” Eddie asked and Will snorted laughter.

“Hey!” Zeller protested.

The planchette spelled *1-I-N-C-H.*

“Hey, fuck you, Casper!” Zeller shouted as everyone died laughing again. “You guys are moving it!”

“Of course we are,” Will scoffed as they all let go, raising his beer to his lips again. “It’s all power of suggestion.”

“Is not!” Bev argued. “Okay, let’s do it for real this time.”

Everyone quieted down. An eerie calm settled over the group. “Is there a spirit here with us?” Bev asked.

The planchette moved much more slowly this time, inching over until it rested on YES.

“Oh my God this is so freaky,” Maeve whispered before hiding her face against Franklyn.

“Did you die in this house?” Bev wanted to know.

Zeller’s eyes widened as the planchette moved to YES again. “Okay, the realtor never said anything about that.”

“Were you murdered?”

YES

“Who killed you?”

The planchette traveled to C, and then R.

“CR?” Eddie wondered.

“The Chesapeake Ripper?” Jimmy squeaked, squishing the plush corgi flat against his chest.

YES

“Who is the Chesapeake Ripper?” Bev asked softly. “Tell is his name, spirit.”

Will felt himself go pale, a sudden anxiety clutching his heart like a skeletal hand. The planchette moved slowly before stopping… over the letter H…

Suddenly, the front door opened. The unexpected noise made Jimmy, Maeve, Bev, and Franklyn scream. Zeller fell back, spilling himself on the carpet, and Will jumped out of his skin. Eddie just laughed at them.

They all turned to see who was coming in the door.

It was Hannibal Lecter.

In a costume.

And *oooooh*... what a costume!

October 31st: The Graveyard Smash (part 2)

Chapter Summary

The thrilling conclusion of Kinktober 2022!

Hannibal was a vampire.

He wore black trousers and shoes, and a blood-red satin shirt with blood-lace sleeves beneath an embroidered damask vest that was the deepest shade of ebony enhanced by the different textures of the material. He had a red cravat and a long black cloak that touched the floor when he walked. The makeup he wore was a far cry from the Wal-Mart color palette the other guests were working with – it was movie quality. His skin was paler than normal, eyes and cheekbones enhanced, and he was wearing pale gold contacts that made his eyes unearthly and luminous. He even sported realistic monstrous fingernails. Where black and claw-like might have been the obvious choice, these were a natural shade but glassy, shiny, otherworldly yet believable.

When he smiled at Will, he revealed a pair of fangs that Will could swear were growing from his mouth naturally. Or unnaturally, as was the case. All this, with slicked-back, villainous hair.

Will saw black feathers in the periphery of his vision. Everything slowed down and went vignette like a turn-of-the-century silent movie. He thought he was going to pass out but was unable to stop staring.

This was a contender for the hottest Hannibal had ever looked, and Will couldn't stop the rush of blood that pooled between his legs and was unable to cajole his lungs into working properly.

"Happy Halloween," Hannibal greeted to his speechless audience. "My costume must be effective – I seem to have frightened you."

"Scary GOOD!" Beverly cried, leaping to her feet. "Oh my God, Dr. Lecter, you look amazing!"

"Thank you, Ms. Katz. Please, don't make eye contact – I'd rather not turn to stone."

Will felt like he'd been turned to stone, that was for sure. It was only when Hannibal stepped closer to him and held out a hand to help him up that WIll was finally able to force himself to move. Hannibal reached out with a ringed hand and fingered the little ears Will had glued to his hoodie. "A bat. We compliment each other perfectly."

“Finally, uh… somebody gets it,” Will managed, still devouring Hannibal visually. “I didn’t think you were coming.”

“Surprise,” Hannibal said as he leaned in to brush Will’s cheek with his lips.

At last, it seemed, time unfroze and everyone leapt up to get a closer look at Hannibal’s costume, to feel the velvet cape and gush over his look. Hannibal sent them out to the Bentley to gather the goodies he’d brought – a tray of pumpkin-shaped mini-cakes with green frosting vines, several bottles of wine with hand-painted stickers over the labels that renamed them things like “Type O Merlot,” and a keg of his home-brewed beer – flavored, Will knew, with human blood, and aged in a wine cask in their garage. It felt a little weird serving all of his friends something with human body fluids in it, but… well, it was Halloween after all.

Hannibal’s arrival kicked the party into full gear but also ensured that Will had to share him with literally everyone who wanted his attention. It was a small price to pay for how proud he was for everyone to know this was his fiance, how talented he was, how irresistibly sexy, Count Lecter again for a night.

Will switched to water, because he knew what he wanted as soon as they got home.

It was late when they were, at last, able to leave, forced to drive back separately since they had two cars there. Will sped, which was stupid, considering it was Halloween, but he wanted to get home first. He let the dogs out, then hurried out of his clothing, switching out for a pair of black lace panties, but putting his hoodie on with the ears pulled up, and the little black wings around his shoulders. He rolled on a pair of thigh-high fishnet stockings, then settled on the bed to lie in wait for when Count Lecter arrived home.

He waited a long time, checking his phone intermittently. Bored and horny, he got up and snuck down the hall toward the big window in the living room to see if the Bentley was coming up the drive.

Cold hands closed over his shoulders, snagging the fabric of his sweatshirt, then pushed him against the wall with enough force to rattle the picture frames. Will made a strangled noise of surprise, adrenaline flooding his system even as his eyes realized that it was Count Lecter that had appeared from the shadows. “How’d you–?” he gasped.

“Left the car at the bottom of the drive,” Hannibal said with a smile, showing off the fangs. The whole top line of his teeth looked different – he was wearing some kind of dental appliance, but it was so realistic you’d have to be very familiar with his teeth to notice, which Will, of course, was. Hannibal slid his hand up around Will’s throat, pushing aside the hood to close his long-nailed hand around. “Your heart is pounding,” he purred.

“Yeah, you scared me,” Will admitted, letting the electric tickle of fear braid itself with his desire. Hannibal traced the long nails along the side of his neck and Will shivered. “Those feel like the real deal.”

“Miss Shonda at Hollywood Nails assured me she could remove them for me on Monday,” Hannibal said. “Aside from texting, I enjoy them immensely.”

“Me too.” Will took a shaky breath through a smile as Hannibal continued to stroke his neck, other hand still snagged in the fabric of his hoodie. “And the teeth?”

“I had them custom made. Dental-grade prosthetic. I was told I could… eat with them on,” Hannibal said, drawing the zipper of Will’s hoodie down a couple of inches to reveal more of his collarbone. “Lost your pants, I see.”

Will glanced down at his panties and stockings. “Yeah, they were drivin’ me, uh… batty, I guess you could say.”

“Been waiting for that pun all night?”

“Saving it for you, sugar bear.”

“Hmm.” Hannibal traced his thumb beneath Will’s eye. Will could feel the dimple of the long fingernail as it touched his tender skin there. “I don’t think I’ll be very sweet with you tonight. I’m a monster, after all.”

“Yeah, you are.” Will reached out a quivering hand and placed it on Hannibal’s chest, touching the soft fabric of the vest. “What do they call it, uhm… when people are *attracted* to monsters?”

“Teratophilia,” Hannibal reminded him.

“Hmm. I… think I have it. Bad.” Will pressed closer in, sliding his other arm around Hannibal’s back.

“Luckily for you, so do I,” Hannibal said softly, slipping the zipper down further.

“I’m just a little ol’ bat.” Will *batted* his eyes innocently, smiling as he was reminded of another pun. “I’m not that dangerous.”

“Yes you are, Will Graham,” Hannibal whispered against his lips. “Dangerous indeed. I’ve seen it myself, in the woods, in the dark, under the moon… and it was beautiful.”

A light kiss. Will was hesitant, not knowing what to expect from the fangs. Hannibal let him set the pace, and he slid his tongue in a little bit, then out, then in again, further this time. He felt the side of his tongue brush against the prosthetic fang, and it did just feel like a tooth. But the end was sharper than usual. Will pressed in again harder as Hannibal caressed his neck, tracing its shapes with the tips of the nails. Hannibal sucked Will’s lower lip in and pressed the point of a fang into the tender interior. Will inhaled sharply at the pinch of pain, but it dissolved away as Hannibal sucked his lip for a few more tantalizing moments.

“You ever drink someone’s blood before?” Will murmured his question as Hannibal pulled back, running just the tip of his tongue against his lip.

“We drank some tonight in the form of an ale.”

“No,” Will countered, a playful smirk riding his features. “I mean like…”

“Not while they were alive,” Hannibal told him.

“How do I taste?”

“Like life itself.” Hannibal kissed him again, rougher this time, neither of them caring if they got nicked here or there.

“When you walked through that door,” Will confessed as Hannibal finished unzipping his sweatshirt and pushed it open, again deploying the nails, running them down his chest toward his navel. “You took my breath away.”

“Would you like me to do it again?”

Will smiled through the kiss. “Any time you want.”

“Then come and sit with me.”

Will watched Hannibal sink into an armchair and beckon Will over to his lap. Will shrugged off his bat sweatshirt and the fake wings to sit facing away, grinding his ass purposefully against Hannibal’s growing erection. “Arms here,” Hannibal explained, placing Will’s hands on the cushioned arms of the chair. “Keep them there.”

There was something so marvelously convincing about his voice. Yes, there always was, but especially tonight. Maybe because of the pagan current that ran through the holiday’s marrow, maybe the clear sky and the moon, maybe the costume… maybe it was being called a monster, and, for once, absolutely loving it. Monsters patrolled the borderlands, served as cautionary tales, and were hybrids that resisted easy categorization. Will had always felt like one – not gay, not straight, a crime solver but not really a cop, a teacher that wasn’t a mentor, not crazy, but not quite sane either. The loner that was still lonely, the nurturer with no family.

But now that he had a monster of his own to love, that loved him, well… the borderlands weren’t lonesome. They were beautiful. Each of them could exist as both entities capable of selflessness and deep love, and murderers who killed indiscriminately based on a moral code of their own making. What was meant to caution was, in reality, a seduction.

All of that sublime existence was enough for him to let go of man-made morality. It had been surprisingly easy.

Hannibal was magnetic, as always, but tonight, his voice held a kind of extra power. Will *gave* it that aspect, willingly. He wanted to be hypnotized, seduced, glamored, consumed, owned – always. Forever.

Hannibal’s nails traced the tender skin of his neck again, and then wrapped around his throat. The other slid around his abdomen and snuck beneath the lacy hem of his undergarment to touch him where he was already hardening. As he stroked, sometimes inside and sometimes fondling outside, using the silk of the underwear to his advantage, Hannibal massaged his neck, testing his grip with little squeezes as Will melted back against him, breathing hard,

Hannibal's lips at his ear, whispering lovely compositions of degradation and praise mixed together. *Whore. My darling. Sweetheart. Beg me for it.*

Will's breathing changed, his muscles cooking, hands gripping the arms of the chair. Hannibal sensed it and increased the pressure on his neck, squeezing hard enough that Will's breaths rasped and the blood pounded in his temples. And just like that, Hannibal let go of everything. Will let out a mixture of a whine and a growl in response to having been abandoned, Hannibal's hands now resting gently on his collarbone and abdomen respectively.

"You *are* a monster," Will accused. In response, he shifted and tensed his legs to grind his ass against Hannibal's cock bulge in round, deliberate little circles. It was Hannibal's turn to make a longing sound. This proved to be an effective temptation; Hannibal resumed his treatment until Will was close again, then squeezed hard as he came before relaxing his grip, flooding Will's lungs with oxygen. It was intense enough to leave Will shaking, his underwear soaked, leaning back into Hannibal's arms, head tipped back as his fiancé fondled and kissed his neck, grazing the fangs over it, making him shiver.

"I'm taking you to bed now," Hannibal said softly against his ear. "Where I am going to devour you."

Again, the feeling of being mesmerized. Will get to his feet and let Count Lecter lead him by the hand down the shadowy hall to the bedroom. "Get on your knees," came the command. Will knelt immediately on the carpeted floor, sitting back on his fishnetted heels, palms resting on his thighs. Hannibal watched him with his unnaturally pale and unearthly eyes, sliding the cape from his shoulders and hanging it up. He took his time slipping off his footwear, then stood before Will, unbuttoning his shirt and vest. At last he reached out and ran the long nailed fingers through Will's hair, then cupped the side of his face.

"You may do what you're inclined to," Hannibal permitted softly.

Will smiled adoringly up at him as he opened the trousers and slid them down along with his tight black shorts, freeing his cock. "You're not the only one who wants to devour something," he said before parting his lips and gathering the head between them, flicking his tongue against the slit, then pulling him in deeper. He undulated his tongue – like a tentacle, if you will, wonder where he got that idea – against the underside of the shaft from base to tip and back again, applying practiced suction. His hands wandered up along the cut of Hannibal's hips, over the gentle rise of the adorable little tummy that domesticity had given him.

For all his cold vampiric stoicism, Count Lecter was reduced to a hard-breathing mess, his styled hair falling over his forehead now, unable to stop himself from stroking Will's hair. Will could feel his thighs tensing and dropped Hannibal's cock out of his mouth just in time. "Now you get to beg," he teased, lips brushing the head as he formed the words.

"Please, Will–"

Will obliged immediately, working his hand and his mouth in tandem until his partner climaxed. And it just kept coming – Will tried to swallow faster but it caught him off guard

and he had to let some out of the corner of his mouth.

Breaths disordered, Hannibal still found the courtesy to help Will up and hand him the blood-red pocket square from his vampire vest. “Still hungry?”

“Yes,” Will said.

“As am I. Lie down.” Hannibal stepped out of his pants but pulled up his briefs, still leaving the open vest and shirt on, the cravat still tied around his neck, the pin in the center, Will now realized, a skull set with gems as its eyes.

Will obliged, and was rewarded when Hannibal slid off his underwear and took his time removing the stockings, kissing along Will’s legs as he rolled them down. He parted Will’s knees and made himself comfortable before beginning a long and luxurious sweep of his tongue along Will’s inner thigh, first one, then the other, coming so close to the center but not touching. Will clutched at the pillows, trying not to move, but unable to stop himself from arching his back now and then.

Hannibal teased him with the teeth. “If I use these,” he warned, “it will leave marks. And it will hurt more than usual.”

“I don’t care,” Will blurted immediately, and was rewarded with a sudden bite on the inside of his leg. He could feel the deep pinch as the points of the fangs bruised his skin, and then the pleasant pressure of Hannibal’s suction. “So– fucking hot– do it again…”

Hannibal followed his directive and marked the other side as well. Will’s second erection of the encounter was well underway by the time Hannibal got around to eating his ass, which he did with the usual grace, care, and enthusiasm.

By the time his jaw was probably ready to fall off, they were both more than ready. Hannibal had one more surprise – a small vial of what looked like blood, pretty realistic, actually, but was actually a flavored lubricant. He dribbled some on Will’s chest for effect, then soaked his hole as best he could without being able to use his fingers much.

The vibrator helped immensely in that regard. Hannibal started with one of the smaller ones, once in a while bending over to threaten Will’s cock with his fanged mouth. Will moaned when the side of one fang brushed the shaft. The threat of the fangs around the general area of his dick was insanely sexy and dangerous, monstrous and perfect. Hannibal continued to tease and threaten as he swapped out the vibrator for a bigger one. Will was trying to hold back, but he wasn’t able to, with the vampire blowjob and his prostate getting a spa day, it was over. He climaxed again, feeling the orgasm sing along every one of his nerves, clinging to the bedsheets, adding his emission to the delightful warm wetness below.

Hannibal slid up the bed to kiss him. “How was it?’

“No words,” Will panted. “Well, okay, two words. *Fuck me.* ”

“My pleasure.” Hannibal sat against the headboard and invited Will to lower himself down on his cock so they could be face to face. Will wrapped his hand around the silky shirt and

kissed him, letting the teeth do as they would, tasting a little blood, finding a blessed rhythm between riding and Hannibal thrusting up into him. He could feel the nails scratching along his back and the top of his ass, probably hard enough to leave marks, setting his nerves on fire.

Will didn't think it was possible for him to orgasm again, since he'd already had such a mind-blowing one, and another one before that, but when Hannibal climaxed and bit down on the place where his shoulder sloped up into his neck, he had another one just as powerful. Monster fucking indeed.

They melted into a sticky, adoring, satisfied tangle on the bed, bestowing weary kisses.

"Keep… all of this." Will gestured to the costume and the mouthpiece. "I know you can't have the nails all the time but… we gotta do that again sometime."

"Any time you'd like," Hannibal promised. "While many writers and thinkers have explored what must certainly be the abject and unnatural horror of immortality, I can't help but wish we had an endless number of nights before us to do just that."

"Everyone gets one life," Will said softly, snuggling close. "I'm just glad ours came together."

"Soon to be bound together." Hannibal lifted Will's ringed hand and kissed it. "I love you, Will."

"I love you, too. Always."

"Happy Halloween, darling. Sleep well…"

Appendix: Tickling

Chapter Summary

Will finds the Chesapeake Ripper's tickle spot.

At last, they'd found the venue. In the countryside near Westminster, Maryland there was an apple orchard and accompanying farm, full of historically preserved barns and outbuildings. It had been renovated into an event center and bed and breakfast called Celebration Farm. The grounds were vast and beautiful and a little wild in spite of it all; the orchard nearby could provide either a backdrop of apple blossoms for photos, or apple-picking activities for guests depending on the time of year. It was a combination of historic, fancy, and rustically charming. The dogs could attend and have plenty of space to run around and play.

"I'll admit I had my doubts about being married in a barn," Hannibal said on the drive home. "The saying goes that one must have been born in a barn if one lacks manners. But I found them charming."

"I saw you petting that sheep," Will said through a playful half-smile. "Maybe the sheep's ordained. Or would make a good, uh… flower girl or something."

"We've yet to discuss the role the dogs will play in the ceremony," Hannibal said, mimicking Will's expression.

"You really want them to wear little suits or bow ties or something, don't you?"

"Don't you?" Hannibal flipped the question at him.

Will laughed. "Pretty sure Buster would eat his costume off of himself before the thing even started."

"A floral-crowned cone of shame then?"

"Perfect."

Buster did have a thing for eating clothing, shoes, his plastic food dish, tearing up toys to get the squeaker out, and so forth. It was, then, no challenge for Will's criminal investigation skills to figure out Buster was the culprit when they came home to find a feather pillow shredded all over the bedroom.

The basement door hadn't latched properly and the dogs were out and about in the house. The others had managed not to be too naughty, aside from sleeping on the couch and getting it

hairy, but Buster was, well, Buster.

Once Will had chased the pack outside, he joined Hannibal in the bedroom with the vacuum and a broom and dustpan. They removed their footwear so as to not track the mess around more than it already was. Will bent over with a sigh to start sweeping feathers into the dustpan while Hanniba picked up shredded bits of pillowcase, coat off, shirtsleeves rolled up.

Will's flannel shirt was a static magnet for the feathers and within a minute he looked like he'd butchered a chicken. "Shit!" he swore through a laugh, trying to brush the feathers off and only generating more static electricity. He unbuttoned it and peeled it off into a feathery bundle.

"How angelic they look in your hair, darling."

"Oh fuck, really…?" Will clawed at his curls, trying to get the little white feathers out.

Hannibal approached, holding one of the larger down feathers by the stem. When Will was distracted, he drew it lightly along his shoulder. Will shivered in response, a tremor racing through his body. "Hey," he pretended to protest as Hannibal circled his free arm around Will's waist and drew the feather under his chin now, making him shiver again. Will stole the feather out of his hand and tried the same thing, but Hannibal acted like it had no effect at all. Hannibal took his feather back and swiped it along Will's collarbone, giving him a full body quake. In retaliation, Will stuck his hand in Hannibal's armpit and tried moving his fingers there. Nothing.

"Oh, so the big bad Chesapeake Ripper doesn't have a tickle spot?" Will teased.

"I might. But you haven't found it yet."

"Well, that sounds like you're, ah… *challenging* me." Will slid down Hannibal's tie and opened his shirt, grabbing another down feather and sliding it across his neck and under his chin, across his forehead and cheekbones. "Nothing?"

Hannibal shook his head with a little smirk.

Will undressed him to his belt and tried both nipples, his back, and ribs. "Really? Nothing?"

"Not everyone is as sensitive as you are." Hannibal reached out and dug his fingers unexpectedly into Will's sides.

Will writhed out of his fiancé's grip, laughing out a gasp. "Okay, that's it." He pushed Hannibal on the bed and stripped him down the rest of the way. "Feet?" He brushed the soles of Hannibal's feet with the feather, then tried his fingertips. "You have to be fucking kidding me!"

"I know your feet are your weakness." Hannibal flipped him over and reached for his bare feet. Will hollered and tried (not very hard) to get away, but Hannibal pinned him down and tickled the bottom of his feet remorselessly until Will had tears in his eyes.

“That’s it, you’re gonna get it — hold still!”

There it was! He’d found it at last! The back of Hannibal’s knee, and only on the left side. It was so rare to hear Hannibal laugh aloud, though he was much more subdued than Will’s reaction had been.

“Gotcha,” Will said, breathing heavily as Hannibal pinned him again, now sporting a bulge in his briefs. “Fuck, I didn’t expect that to turn me on but—“

“Unexpected for me as well.” Hannibal kissed him hungrily, stripping him with hasty fingers to press their cocks together and thrust. It was a short but furiously sexy encounter that ended with both of them needing a shower to deal with the spills that had smeared between them and the feathers still sticking to everything.

“I guess Buster’s getting away with a slap on the wrist,” Will said as they dried off.

“I still think he needs a cone for the wedding.”

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